CLIFTON COLLEGE

Twenty Five Years Ago

1879
1904

[by Sir Francis Newbolt KC]

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S. Howard Fox
1904

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

". The author."

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO:

The Diary of a Fag

LONDON
F. E. ROBINSON & CO.
20 GREAT RUSSELL STREET
1904

Clifton College

PREFACE

Not of the great only you deigned to tell—
The stars by which we steer—
But lights out of the night that flashed, and fell
To night again, are here.

MINORA SIDERA.

MEMORY is unreliable. It fails even the best of us at a pinch. After a quarter of a century a few more or less indistinct pictures of school life remain, which resemble bad amateur photographs of interesting scenes. The details are blurred, portraits seem to retain nothing of their original fidelity; and what we remember of our adventures and of our contemporaries does not always tally with the recollections of others.

It would be impossible to reconstruct a picture of Clifton in the 'seventies' from School Lists, the Register, and the *Cliftonian*. The dry bones

do not live. What is required is a contemporary record of the actual impression produced upon someone's mind by the events and personalities of that distant time; but if such a record had been kept by a competent person, it would have been sadly marred by the self-consciousness of the writer, whose individuality would have been constantly obtruding itself. The competent person must obviously have been a figure of some importance, and would have been distracted by the possibility of publication. His work would have been spoilt by the fear of being too accurate and too personal, or, on the other hand, of being too colourless and general. In mentioning, for instance, the picturesque characteristics of the Headmaster or the School Marshal, or in criticising the policy of the Council, the Sixth Form, or the Captain of the Eleven, he would have been constantly hampered by the conviction that the better he wrote, the longer he would have to wait for publication, and no one in this age of hurry could be found to write entirely for posterity. And he would have had to neglect his own share in the life of the place.

There was, however, at least one contemporary record, though certainly not made by a com-

petent person, and it now lies before me: a 'Small Scribbling Diary, with Almanack, for 1879. Interleaved Blotting.' Its red cover has upon it, besides the owner's name, some imitations of the initials of the Rev. J. M. Wilson, the new Headmaster, and a note of the hotel in the Lakes where the summer holidays were spent. I conclude that the compiler had recently suffered in a brotherly contest about 'which year we went to Tenby,' or Llanfairfechan, or some other place, and had determined that any future controversy about **Ulleswater** should be rendered impossible. 'J. M. W.'s' initials were probably imitated everywhere by half the school. We used to have competitions in forging those of 'J. P.' years before when I was in the Lower Third; and in the **Cash Account for May** I find more, and very bad, copies of both, and notes of **H. G. D., W. A. T., C. W. A. T., G. H. W., G. T. A.** I could write a chapter happily about each of them, except perhaps the last:—about H. G. Dakyns, perennially young, and a terror to evildoers, a lover of paradox and humour; W. A. Tilden, the clearest exponent of scientific principles I have ever seen; C. W. A. Tait—he is still the same earnest influence that he always was; and

G. H. Wollaston who has left so recently that I still think of him as being in his old place. G. T. Atkinson, on the other hand, who died in 1884, shortly after his retirement, was almost unknown to us. His friends appreciated him, some of them very warmly; but none of them, I think, were boys. At any rate, he was not so closely associated with the copyist of his initials as were the other four.

Of course, the initials of all the masters were equally well known, and might just as well have appeared in this or some other **cash account**; but they did not, and we are dealing with an actual document. I regret that it contains so little of interest. The masters who are not mentioned in the course of this book must accept my apologies, and wait for the publication of other diaries by other boys who may have been in their Forms. I cannot believe that there are many such diaries, so arid, so industrious, so purposeless. Why I began it or went on with it I cannot remember. It was a first attempt, and may have been suggested by some lay-preacher in Big School, or encouraged by Mr. Dakyns, of whose Form the writer was a member, or, more likely, by Mr. George Augustus Sala, whose weekly column in the *Illus-*

trated London News I used to read. Unless my memory is at fault, he sandwiched amongst a parcel of cookery recipes a strong recommendation to the young to keep diaries and commonplace books. No; that was years later. It could not have been that. I fancy that I—if it was really I—had formed the idea that the diary of a Sixth Form boy would be fascinating reading to us who were fags, and that some years' practice would be necessary to do the thing effectively. Or my brother said I could not keep a diary, and my sister said I could, which would perhaps have been enough.

The record has never, I need hardly say, been of the slightest use, and is now brought forward with every possible apology for its unexpected and unexplained existence. Let us read it together sympathetically, with large allowances and with still larger omissions.

But as a legal document offered in evidence, a diary honestly kept is always regarded as one to which great weight may safely be attached. Each entry is a memorandum made at the time, without a suspicion that it may be used for any particular purpose in the future; and though the recollection of the writer may be disregarded

when he steps into the witness-box, if his bearing and intelligence do not impress the jury, that which he put on record long before is likely to be accepted as the truth, unless from internal evidence it should appear to have been set down in malice or to be plainly contradictory. I therefore tender it humbly, but as a witness of truth. But though I have the daily entries as a foundation on which to build in telling of the school in 1879, I shall endeavour to conceal those not literally transcribed as much as possible, for even at this distant date I cannot regard them, though I assume, as you see, an attitude of complete detachment, with any feeling far removed from horror at their infantine crudeness. I believe that I did my fair share of work—the diary is crammed with records of it—but am forced to admit, and not without a blush, that my time seems to have been principally spent in a great variety of games both at home and at school, ranging from house matches and house ties, which were, of course, important, to charades, picquet, stump-cricket, and punt-about. We even played at **throwing a ball at each other**—a relic of an ancient barbaric game from my private school, 'corkabout,' which had its uses in training eye

and hand. Racquets was too expensive, and the old school court had no roof to it, so there could be no play in bad weather; but bat fives was a game fit for a king, and I may tell the younger generation that cricket at Lord's itself, against the M.C.C., is nothing to a House Match. Perhaps the most exciting in which I ever took part was my first, which was played this year, and must therefore be referred to again.

Abbreviations and initials are tiresome to read, and therefore I have avoided them; with this exception, and the correction of one or two cricket scores from the official lists, I have reproduced what here appears in larger type *verbatim et literatim* as it was written in 1879. The masters are almost invariably referred to by initials, rarely by nicknames. A boy of average intelligence who has been for a term at a public school knows the initials of every member of the staff and of hundreds of boys as well. Let those amongst the boys who are referred to by nicknames remember that no disrespect to them is intended. If they had not been popular, they would not have been so called. But I offer my apologies.

A portrait of 'the author' is usually the last refuge of morbid vanity. In this volume it is

merely an appeal for indulgence. It lends, too, an appearance of verisimilitude to a bald, and possibly unconvincing, narrative, and may serve to disarm the resentment of those whose exploits are described so badly. Nothing, I am told, will appease the many to whom no reference is made. I can only say to them, in the words of Mr. Austin Dobson's 'Ballad of Heroes,' the deeds they wrought are not in vain.

Every great school owes an inestimable debt to those, especially amongst its teachers, who are content to live commonplace and unheroic lives for the sake of commonplace and unheroic people. It is not by its Generals that the army finally succeeds in the great war, but by the presence in the ranks of the vague, elusive spirit which fears only the 'pointless shaft of shame,' and animates the thousands whose names never appear in despatches. It was the aim of those who set themselves to create a new institution upon what they conceived to be a better foundation than centuries of tradition that, whatever other success might be attained, it might be said of their undistinguished rank and file: 'The men are splendid!'

JANUARY

A vacant hour the simplest song may fill,
And as for this I pray thee scorn it not
Though 'tis an old tale told with little skill,
Yet it may chance to make thy heart grow hot
Hearing of ancient names still unforgot,
Whose memory fame shall never cease to crown
Till on a silent world the stars look down.

A FAIR DEATH.

THE first school term of 1879 did not begin until January 25, and therefore the earlier entries of the journal are a kind of preliminary canter, and are entirely concerned with the amusements of the Christmas holidays. Weather is, of course, of supreme importance. The most rudimentary form of entry is well known: 'Got up, washed, and went to bed.' Next to that comes an entry of 'hot,' 'wet,' or 'freezing hard.' The Pet Aversion of most boys in the old 'Confession Books' was 'A wet day,' so it is not surprising to find that a fall of snow

attracted notice. But though **it snowed in the evening** on the 1st, we seem to have played fives in the school courts—New Right and New Left, I think they were called, long since pulled down to make way for the Town Rooms—and also hockey, which I take to have been a family game, more stimulating than scientific. It was played on the passage landing when the weather prevented our using the garden, and the house resounded with a pandemonium of racket. When the craving for exercise was appeased we threw ourselves heart and soul into chemical experiments. The very first entry, **Uncle gave me a retort stand**, and on the 2nd, **Went to Bristol, got a round-bottomed flask, and some black indiarubber tubing**, offer an indication of these studies. I also find **Exchanged mahogany dressing-case for box of chemicals** — science exacts heavy sacrifices—**We made a little oxygen**, and on the 4th, **Unpacked the hamper** — this was a consignment of materials from Manchester—and **I heated a little mercuric oxide in a crucible; it acted splendidly.**

The remaining entries for the week refer to a map of Afghanistan; holiday task, 'Rome'; and the gift of that indispensable article, a bottle-

brush, from my brother. His interest in the experiments was friendly, almost heroic. He knew nothing of chemistry, and cordially accepted my statement that sulphur could be obtained from sulphuric acid by evaporation, and uttered no reproach when I filled the whole house from basement to garret with acid fumes in the vain attempt. We pursued our investigations in a cellar called 'the Den,' and I shall never forget the coughing and cursing that ensued on this occasion. I fled conscience-stricken to my bedroom, and waited till the storm had passed by. I heard him 'explaining' downstairs between his coughing fits.

On another day we made chlorine so successfully that I nearly suffocated that brother whose identity is concealed under the letter H. He was evidently bitten with the scientific spirit, for it is recorded that, though a classical scholar, he **has been making an induction coil, and has doubled his battery.**

It was an old-fashioned winter, with the rare luxury of skating, when the snow, **nearly 2 feet thick by the footpath,** was swept, and notes of energetic sweepings in the garden are now found buried amongst entries about the behaviour of the

Bunsen burner, the tortures of toothache, **my feet very much pinched** with skate straps, and Christmas parties. At one of these the guests are criticised: one **was an enormous man**, another **looked worried all the while**, a third **is a jolly chap in the Sixth at Charterhouse**, and the diarist is old enough to remark that A. and B. **are a jolly old couple, and Miss M. is very pretty.**

Mr. Irwin, who had been H.'s Form Master in the Upper Fifth, and was shortly to be mine in the Lower Fifth, might be interested to know that on the 9th we took him skating to 'the *Zoo*' (**very bad ice**), and that we should have played fives with him **if no skating. I cut 3's**, but cannot say if he did.

The spaces for Sunday entries are very meagre, and half of each is taken up by a printed note of the Lessons. So the diarist is forced to make up in emphasis what he loses in space. Thus **Toothache** is the sole comment on the 12th, and no doubt it was meant to express much. 'Martyred at the steak,' as my sister said, I was in the hands of various dentists for years, and during a whole term in an earlier year was, I believe, excused 'Call-over' in order to pay three

visits a week, between two and three o'clock, to a gentleman who made fourteen unsuccessful attempts to kill a nerve. He had a wonderful collection of butterflies, and a new drawer of specimens was shown to me at every visit. When the cabinet was finished the nerve was as lively as ever, and I left him.

How tastes, pastimes, and wishes change with the changing years! **I cut 3's on both feet with success to-day** (10th). **Eight weeks' frost prophesied; I only hope it's true.** This was, however, the day before the note about the feet being **very much pinched.**

On the 13th we **carried the chemicals into the Den**, and made further purchases of such useful materials as wire gauze. 'The Den' was named after Mr. Wollaston's dungeon of a class-room (in the days when the Wilson Tower was undreamt of), where he introduced us in 1876 to the mysteries of the Bramah press, and threatened to cane every boy who failed to score one-third marks in the examination. This filled me with hopeless terror, especially after I had failed, together with some other new-comers; but we escaped the penalty. One, whom I well remember, was not so fortunate, being in his second

year, and in my cowardly heart I envied another who only avoided execution by having scarlet fever.

I have omitted an entry of a call on the Wollastons the week before. Their popularity, which it is difficult to describe properly while they are yet with us, was the natural consequence of their treatment of the boys in their House, past and present. It found expression when they left the school in the presentation by a very large number of us of a fine portrait of himself to Mr. Wollaston, painted by Mr. William Carter, and of a tourmaline ring to Mrs. Wollaston, whose kindness to everyone who came into the House was beyond any acknowledgment.

Mr. Wollaston was a singular figure not only at Clifton, but in public school life generally, for he raised the Home-Boarder system by his own energy and devotion to the highest point it has reached in any school. The unselfish work of others who afterwards passed from the Towns to Houses will not be forgotten, but Mr. Wollaston never at any time had any boarders, and never gave up the North Town for the legitimate reward of long service, a Boarding House. Every penny he spent on his hundreds of pupils was money

out of pocket, but the only reward for which he looked was abundantly his. The best education that Clifton could afford was obtained in his house in College Road, and the letters received by the Presentation Committee from India, Canada, Mexico, Africa, Scotland, Ireland, and distant country parishes in England glowed with expressions of unstudied and genuine esteem.

When, in 1875, the Town boys or home boarders were divided into two 'Houses,' and played a football match for the honour of wearing a hideous green and black cap instead of the blue and white one, which was one degree more beautiful, the Home-Boarder system was in the melting-pot, and it required the genius of a Percival and the devotion of men like Wollaston, Tait, Wiseman, Carter, and others well remembered, to make a success at a new school of what had been a lamentable failure at so many old ones. From small beginnings, repeated and humiliating defeats in every department of school life, the Towns slowly rose until Mr. Wollaston's division reached the highest pinnacle of success. In 1883 the bite of a dog alone prevented the North Town from being Cock House at cricket, and it was not long before it asserted a complete supremacy in every

game. What their exact position was in 1879 the diarist will honestly but reluctantly tell us. It was certainly a very humble one.

Now, as we open the diary, the reader will kindly understand that though as a picture of social life in a middle-class schoolroom many of the entries will excite the passionate interest of sociologists in the twenty-first and succeeding centuries, he is too near the mid-Victorian era himself to be expected to read a very bald description of a Clifton Christmas party; the name of **the man we had to wait,** the name of the guest who **didn't come,** the Chinese lanterns which we had in various rooms (**one burnt down in each place**), the supper in the dining-room (**sit down : splendid**), and the other details of the feast, must be passed over, like walks on the Downs, visits to the Triangle, a fine row of shops which was 'out of bounds,' and the niceties of granulating some zinc in a bucket. I also omit all references to friends and relations whose private lives shall be respected, even if they do not wish it. But some were Cliftonians, and must be mentioned.

There were in Clifton at this time two large and important families, to which the school owed, and still owes, much, and the names of both occur

frequently in the diary. All public schools have their famous family names, and we have ours. The Tylecotes, Evanses, Richardsons, Bushes, Pauls, Pecks, Heaths, Reads, Kings, Marshalls, Bakers, Younghusbands, Foxes, among others, occur to the mind, but none of these were more numerous or more valuable than the dynasties of Hobart and Cookson. There were five members of each family in the School. About those living one must not say much. Ted Hobart, or Hobart-Hampden major, as he was more correctly called after the assumption of the second name by his family, H.-H. 1 as he is called in the diary, became a scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, a schoolmaster at Clifton, and afterwards at Epping Forest School, and died in 1887. He was not the eldest of the family, but in 1879 was thought by the younger generation to be so. He was at any rate older than his twin, from whom few people could distinguish him. Tradition said that when in the Junior School in Mr. Hartnell's form, long æons ago, they had to be labelled E. H. and A. B. in class, and though some asserted that the distinction between them was that one ran to school, whereas the other always walked, they were not agreed on the identity of the one who

walked. The resemblance of twins is often exaggerated. It will perhaps be sufficient to say that I knew this pair intimately, and more than once mistook one for the other. The younger was called the 'paper-eating Hobart,' though no one could ever say why. They wore clothes of exactly the same pattern and material, even when undergraduates, passed through the school together, went to the same college, and had rooms on the same staircase. The younger was ordained. Their elder brother, A. G., had left in 1875, and entered the Forest Department of the North-West Provinces. He used to give us in the holidays, on the occasion of his rare visits, amusing imitations of the French characters he had met at the Forestry School at Nancy. The fourth member of the family was Cyril, who left in 1880 and went to Nancy, like his brother, and thence to the forests of Burmah. He was the gayest and handsomest of them all, and his death in 1898 came as a sorrowful blow to many friends who had been eagerly looking forward to seeing him again. The youngest, whose name occurs very frequently in the diary as having done 'con.,' became a scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford, a student-interpreter in China, and afterwards went to Japan. He is Vice-Consul, and was

recently Acting Consul at Yokohama, and is said to be at work on a great Japanese dictionary.

The history of the family was, then, thoroughly British, not to say Imperialist. The father was himself an Indian Civilian. The sons were all alike in essentials, good all through, and amusing companions, but chiefly remarkable for stern devotion to duty, which they never seemed to find disagreeable, and for dogged, indomitable pluck. But when I read of knights of chivalry, I always used to think of Ted Hobart, until the implacable hand of death had written even more precious names beside his, and other more intimate griefs had blurred his image.

The Cooksons were more successful from the worldly point of view, four of them gaining scholarships at Oxford, and two entrance to the India and Ceylon Civil Services. Hugh Cookson died in 1891 of typhoid fever at Mooltan. He was the second of the brothers, and my beau idéal of a schoolboy. I still think that no more perfect specimen of a successful boy could ever have lived. He was a fair cricketer in the second eleven, a plucky football Cap, a Scholar who passed into the Indian Civil Service fifth from school with a Trinity College (Oxford) Exhibition, and he won

the Athletic Sports Challenge Cup. In character he was as upright, as fearless, and as persevering as his friend, Ted Hobart. When it is added that he was strikingly handsome, and that his many successes excited no astonishment, and not a shadow of envy, perhaps enough has been said. Of all his qualities, his modesty and imperturbable good temper were the most conspicuous. His surviving brothers are scattered, like the Hobarts, and live in Ceylon, Egypt, Malvern, and Oxford.

With these two families we had many merry games, fireworks, dances, fives, and 'clumps,' an intellectual pastime which seems to have died out. You think of something recondite, like **the 1st nail in the ark, the crumbs Hop o' my Thumb strewed after him,** or **the arrow that shot Rufus,** and others guess it by questions. The party is divided into two camps, and the one guessing the answer wins a soldier from the other. It is a game which sharpens the wits. We also went to the pantomime together, but our chief amusements were skating, and fives at the school courts. There was a pond in an old quarry—I forget where, but I remember that it was called Black Rock Quarry, and was very deep, and the

cracks were so resonant and so alarming that we did not stay upon it long. There was also ice on the pond in the Zoological Gardens, but owing to its smooth stone edge it took a long time to freeze satisfactorily, and the public were turned off when it was thought to be dangerous, though the water was very shallow. One day in the summer a child fell in, and would have been drowned if Alfred Younghusband had not sacrificed his trousers, and waded into the slimy water after it. Everyone else standing round the pond was afraid of being drowned. I note that on the 23rd we were turned off at noon, and **one young man afforded sport to us by running the gauntlet of the keepers, and when they caught him (having thrown brooms in his way) he was rescued by the gents.** There is quite a touch of observation about 'gents.'

Our amusements were indeed many and various. I spent much time in drawing, read 'Harold,' Creighton's 'Rome,' and 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and played vingt-et-un, charades, spellicans, and backgammon, filled balloons with hydrogen and fired at them with a saloon pistol, until the final entry, **school to-morrow.** The pantomime has left no impression whatever on my mind, which

is not stimulated by the following: **H., Hugh Cookson, and I went to the Pantomime, and had the three best seats in the Dress Circle. Fosbrooke as Mother Hubbard. Goody Two-shoes was very pretty. Clown and Harlequinade very good. Tweedledum and dee very good, especially as Dizzy and W. E. Gladstone.**

Oh for the palate of youth! What would you not give, my friend, to have again for an hour the eyes that saw beauty in the heroine of a provincial pantomime, and regarded a 'sit down' supper as 'splendid'?

Saturday, 25th. — School to-day. Chapel at 9.0. Arithmetic 10.15 (this was a standing dish on the first day of every term). **'Prose 11.15. Skated at the Zoo from 12 till 1.30. Outside edge: smooth ice. Got up my Holiday Task, Rome, till 2.30, and from 3-4. Hockey in the garden 2.30-3. I am left 6th. Grammar 4-5. Rome 5-6. Very hard paper. Theme till 8. Played backgammon. Read "Our Mutual Friend." Wiggin is top of our form (Dakyns's) Twelve fellows from Lower Fourth.**

That was a pretty full day. I wonder if the fellows in the Upper Fourth read Dickens now. I hear he is voted old-fashioned. So much the

worse for the Upper Fourth. This being the first day, there was no half-holiday. I remember with pleasure, and I count it a point in favour of the 'Town' system, that we never regretted going back to school any more than we sighed over the holidays. Both were equally welcome. We laughed heartily over the suggestion from a caller on one occasion that next Saturday was to be our Black Monday, and the lady who made it was dubbed Black Monday, and so called ever after.

On Monday there was the usual round of lessons, with a visit to the laboratory and the gymnasium. Both are duly noted: **I made O of HgO and $KClO_3$, and dropped a lighted match into the latter: curtain falls.** [The diarist] **removed to a side table.** Poor fellow! I feel quite sorry for him. He began the week with a bad eye, as well as the toothache — **Mr. Dakyns asked why I didn't have my eye and tooth out** — and blew himself up with 'O' the very first day. Result: **Left eye glued up. Had to stop out. Did some Livy and bathed my eye and read some 'Moonshine.'** Lessons went on at home: **Got the work from Allen,** who was, I suppose, the nearest member of the Form. He was in Carter's, a Small House.

The gymnasium was a pleasant enough place in winter. Boys always like regular drill, which requires no thought. **S. Hay had a bad neck.** I suppose he was the instructor—S. for Sergeant. He little thought that his neck would be immortal. Captain Manning, a strong teetotaler, and Sergeant Wilson, a kindly fellow, who was afterwards School Marshal, are the only officials I remember. I attended regularly from the time when I drove the largest workshop saw into my thumb in 1876, which prevented me from realizing my first ambition and becoming a carpenter, until I was eventually pressed into the Cadet Corps, but I never acquired any distinction whatever. It was Nicholl who had charge of the workshop. He kindly bound up my thumb with tow and hot glue, making a homely splint and bandage combined, which remained immovable for weeks. But an anxious mother thought the gymnasium safer. Nicholl will be remembered by many, even though he has been dead these twenty years. I shall never smell glue again without thinking of him.

The 'curriculum' in the Upper Fourth seems to have included this week Livy, Bradley's 'Latin Prose' (we never thought Bradley was a real person), Xenophon, a subject after Mr. Dakyns's

own heart, Prosody, Grammar, Repetition, and the usual subjects taught in 'Sets'—*i.e.*, classes for special subjects drawn from all the Forms below the Fifth Form—Mathematics, French, Science, and Drawing. The Laboratory was an extra. Many experiments are described this week, so the left eye must have come unglued.

What small things amuse boys! **A yellow, long-haired little dog in the cloisters: put into Stevens's room, and turned out and put in Dakyns's, and kept quiet till Watson came.** (The Form rooms were, of course, used for Sets, and the First Set, Mr. H. C. Watson's, was taken in ours.) **He raised his eyebrows at him, and Evans removed him!** Mr. Watson's old pupils should appreciate that.

The critic cannot help remarking, in connection with the stirring episode here recorded in the diary, that the mind of the writer was at this time in a very early stage of development. Events which can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them, like the supper in Big School given to Dr. Percival on April 5, are dismissed with half a line or in silence; but long-haired, yellow dogs, saloon pistols, fives ties, and the other trivialities of life, bulk largely in the daily

round. However, we must be merciful, and not expect old heads on young shoulders.

The diary does not tell us which of the twenty-five boys of the name of Evans enumerated in the Register performed the deed of daring with the dog, but I have no doubt that it was our old friend 'Curly,' whose last term in the school it was. He was as tough as whipcord, and, though small, a Cap, and in the Twenty-Two, and got into the Gymnasium Eight a few weeks later. I shall never forget seeing him drop a goal on the old, undivided Big Side in a House match, with two larger boys hanging round his neck, and a third embracing his leg. He played for Gloucestershire afterwards when that county had a first-class team. He entered the school a year before A. H. Evans, who had left in 1877, and a year and a half before his elder brother, H. L. Evans, who was also a great county football player. It is a name justly dear to the heart of every Cliftonian.

I pass over certain indiscreet references to the grub-shop, where we used to eat enormous 'stodger' buns in the 'break,' when we had not time to run home and back. They were cubical, doughy, made in spirals, and cost a penny, and

they were well worth it. This quarter of an hour at eleven was eagerly looked for, and in general scrupulously granted. I hear now the tramp, tramp, tramp of hundreds of feet to the parapet which separates the Quadrangle from the Close, on foreign match days, when the school rushed out to see if the game had begun.

It was tantalizing to hear that noise, and not help to swell it. Mr. Dakyns had a terrible way of saying, 'It *has* struck,' when someone delayed the breaking up of the class. I observe in this connection a scathing note on January 30: **Skating at Kelston, but D. did not let us out in time in break for me to go home and arrange about dinner, so I could not go.** The result was an afternoon in the garden with the saloon pistol, varied by **Sulphuric acid, S, phosphorus, and charcoal.**

I ought not to overlook one of the terrors of school life connected with 'break.' Every morning John Skelton, that wonderful old North Countryman, the School Marshal, used to call on every Form between nine and eleven. There was a deadly hush when he came in. He walked with a peculiar rolling gait to the Master's desk, handed him some paper or other, read out the names of

boys absent from Call-over, and possibly added in that strange voice of his: 'Robinson,' or, it might be, 'Tomkins, to see the Headmaster in the break.' Then everyone knew that the luckless Robinson (or Tomkins) had been 'sent up,' and no one envied him. It might even spell birch; it might mean the cane; it might be anything drastic, inevitable as fate, horrible in its uncertainty. What exactly took place others must describe, for I never went through the ordeal, and except for Confirmation never had the honour of a private interview with Dr. Percival while he was Headmaster of Clifton College. With Mr. Wilson I am glad to say I had many, but they were not unpleasant.

The stronger Masters very rarely 'sent up' anybody. I cannot remember a single instance of Mr. Dakyns doing so. And those who pleased him had little reason to fear anybody else. Remembering Moberly, Bartholomew, Irwin, and Norman Moor, it would not be fair to say that he was pre-eminently the best of my Form Masters, so I will only say that he interested me intensely, frightened me a good deal, and made me love him like a dog.

John Skelton, with his gray cavalry moustache,

and hooked nose—he had been a bold dragoon in his time—was more than a mere person; he was an institution, for he had created his own office, which was something like that of a Provost Marshal of medieval times, and its limits were uncertain. His authority was vague, but as he was always present at birchings he acquired something in our eyes of the public executioner. If you went to see him in his den he was simple, dignified, and kindly, and the rulers of the school owed him a deep debt of gratitude, which was gladly acknowledged. Mr. T. E. Brown wrote his epitaph, which was this:

> Cumbria, you gave him to us, of your best you gave—
> Now in a Southern grave
> He has his rest.
> Sweet mother of sad hills and sunny leas,
> Mid all the doubts and all the certainties,
> Be not distrest—
> Your child is taken to a faithful breast.
>
> *December* 2, 1881.

FEBRUARY

To speak of Fame a venture is,
There's little here can bide,
But we may face the centuries,
And dare the deepening tide;
For though the dust that's part of us
To dust again be gone,
Yet here shall beat the heart of us,
The School we handed on.

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL.

AT the end of 1878 Dr. Percival was elected President of Trinity College, Oxford, and he left at Easter, 1879, to take up the duties of a position which was regarded by many people as being, in effect, retirement from active life. The Dr. Portman of Verdant Green's days was by no means extinct, and what could be more natural than that a great Headmaster should retire to a position of ease, dignity, and cultured leisure after a long career which had been as arduous as it had been successful?

Five-and-twenty years later the 'cultured leisure' seemed as far off as ever, when the accidents of political life alone prevented the Bishop of Hereford from being promoted to the Primacy. In the meantime he had doubled the size of his Oxford College, and placed it upon a firm basis of prosperity as one of the few Honour Colleges, had been Headmaster of Rugby for some years with complete success, and so passed to his bishopric and his great work in the House of Lords.

The diarist jogs on contentedly as 'Amurath to Amurath succeeds,' being, in fact, far more concerned with the transition from fagdom in the Upper Fourth to the dignity of 'the Fifth' than with the change of Headmasters, and he little thought that his confidence was to be betrayed and his secrets published in this way, or he would, no doubt, have given Mr. Wilson a flattering notice. The ant that carried a twig to the heap, and then recorded in his diary that it was heavy (**Fell down before Call-over and hurt my thigh; skated till** 4.0), cannot be blamed for being an ant, and to censure him for not knowing what was going on on the other side of the heap would be unfair. Besides, the nine days' wonder of Dr.

Percival's departure was already 'stale news,' and not an item for the journal.

February opened with more snow and skating, and the drawing of the House and Form fives ties. These were the real excitement of the time among the upper fags, and the names of my partners and opponents are set down as being matters of equal interest with a hamper of apples, a visit to a cousin in Dakyns's House, and **Drawing: the college coat of arms: my lion was like a baby: marks** $\frac{26}{40}$. One fives player was 'Baby' Younghusband, the same boy who saved the child from drowning, and remarkable alike for his courage and his misfortunes, for in seven years he broke legs, arms, and ribs in his devotion to games, without ever attaining to the dignity of 'colours,' or, indeed, to any great skill. He was not by any means the youngest of his family, but was always called 'Baby,' and, after he joined the Military Side, 'the Woolwich Infant.' He went to Cooper's Hill, became an engineer in India, and died in London in 1902.

One of our opponents was Bidwell, who also died many years ago. He was left-handed, tall, thin, and white-faced, a very good player, and a fine rifle-shot. He had the longest hand I ever saw.

I have lost sight of two others whose names are mentioned. Curiously enough, both were high jumpers.

February 3.—Monday morning was always an exciting time, for the 'week's order' was announced, and we took our places by that instead of (as on Sunday) by 'Call-over' order—*i.e.*, the printed list of the school, which was called over in Big School every morning and every half-holiday afternoon. I do not think that a fag should be despised for thinking it interesting, and even important, that as the result of a week's work he is above the 'Place in School List below which a boy ought not to fall,' and the diarist took a natural pride in being top every week but one. The savour has, however, evaporated, and I now read with greater interest of explosions in pickle-jars, the foundation of some sort of Competition Club—**I am president, and do the secretary's work, and keep the accounts**—and the grave account of a consultation with Mr. Tilden's assistant about the Bunsen burner: **Bottle-washer says the holes in my burner are not big enough.** This must have been a severe blow, but the pickle-jar made amends. It went off **like a small cannon** when the gas was

ignited **by a taper tied to a stick.** Observe the newly-born caution of one who had suffered from a previous explosion. Once bit, twice shy.

'Bottle-washer' was a slang term for a chemical assistant who taught, but was not entitled to the dignity of a cap and gown. This particular one was a very amiable man and an excellent chemist.

'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Macaulay,' 'Verdant Green,' 'Hypatia,' and 'Frank Ross at Oxford' were the books of the week. The latter was a colourless story of an impossible undergraduate who only presented his dull existence as a peg on which to hang details of his examinations and weekly battells. But the life of any undergraduate is interesting to the Fourth Form. 'Verdant Green' was enthralling.

On the 6th the weather was sufficiently open for the Runs to begin. I had long ago convinced the Whips of the Lower Pack that I was more bother than I was worth as a hound, and they dispensed with my attendance for ever. Does Richardson, the second of three brothers called the 'Polar Bears,' and a fair-haired giant, remember as he teaches future Cliftonians, the hundreds of small boys to whom in years gone by he gave a helping hand? On my first run, two years before,

I had managed to trot as far as the Downs, but began to lag behind as we flowed in a white tide over the first obstacle—that escarpment of smooth rock. Richardson mi, who seemed to my thirteen years quite a man, held out a hand into which mine sank limply, and towed me for some miles with great good-nature. Unfortunately, the Pack got rather lost, and many returned home much exhausted. On the second occasion I was dragged the whole way from start to finish—over ten miles—by the Hobart twins, of whose House I was then a member; and after a third weary afternoon, when we again lost the scent and went too far, I was sent to dear old Dr. Fox, who commanded me to abandon an uncongenial pastime which was becoming a terror.

Dr. Edward Long Fox was one of the most charming men I ever met as well as one of the most judicious. His visits to the house were always a delight, and he brought sunshine and hope wherever he went. He was the School Medical Officer for twenty years, from its foundation, and was succeeded by Dr. Fyffe, the father of W. K. Fyffe, now a doctor, and of other Cliftonians.

Feb. 6. — Ran across the Downs after the Lower Pack, and picked up a lady's hat who

was riding with Godwin.* Strange eccentricity on the part of a hat. This exploit, combined with cribbage, backgammon, and Xenophon, and a long morning's work next day, seems to have been too much for my system. **Headache, bad eye, toothache,** was the consequence.

On the following day a compulsory walk to King's Weston Down for those who shirked the Runs was prevented by rain, and I nursed a stye in my eye with some of the books already referred to.

Monday, 10th.—North Town meeting [as usual on Mondays] **about the testimonial.** This must refer to a presentation to Dr. Percival. Mr. Carter was acting as our House Master in the absence of Mr. Wollaston, who had scarlet fever.

A notice in the 'Times' about [one of the boys] **being lost. He ran away twice, and when caught in a hotel in London the second time went mad.** A terribly bald description, I fear, of a school tragedy. I believe the story was much exaggerated; at any rate, the boy afterwards recovered completely, and did well.

Younghusband's aid in the House Fives Ties

* Godwin, who had been in our House, became a Civil Engineer in Canada, and died in 1891.

was ineffectual, and our defeat at the hands of the redoubtable Bidwell and his partner is recorded with regret. Afterwards we had a game in one of the two open courts which had no back wall, and were not allowed to be reserved. They backed on to Guthrie Road, opposite the Secretary's Office, and Mr. 'Johnny' Grenfell's room, and the School Marshal's tiny sanctum in the recess built for an ornamental archway in what were then the 'new cloisters.' At the end of a game in one of the open courts, the boy, whether playing or looking on, who first struck the front wall above the board with a ball claimed the court, and chose a new party. This often led to wrangling and trouble. Ties were always played in covered courts, except occasionally Form ties. The covered courts were allotted for all hours out of school by Houses, the head of each House choosing by rotation in the Sixth Form room.

About this time hockey was introduced as a substitute for the Runs. The School Register (second edition) is wrong in putting the date 1881. We played on the Downs in an unwieldy crowd with primitive round sticks and a ball covered with string. It was the most unscientific game I ever saw. Hockey properly played is one of the best

games in the world; but there was a feeling in the school that it was a nursery game for 'crocks,' and it was not sufficiently encouraged. Now and then one or two masters played, and things were made more lively; but the rank and file of those who escaped runs by playing hockey were not athletic, and lacked enthusiasm.

By this time my brother had enlisted in the Cadet Corps, and was learning to shoot. Shooting took place at Avonmouth, as we are never likely to forget, for, during the year before H. joined, a young and promising master was accidentally shot dead in the railway train on the way back from the range. It was a terrible blow to the school. One of the boys was aiming at the target when the 'Cease Firing' was sounded. A perfunctory examination of the rifles which had been used during the afternoon failed to discover the unused cartridge, and the rifle went off in the train when the owner was showing the sergeant how another boy had been holding his weapon at the firing-point. It should be mentioned that the rifle was carefully not pointed at anyone, and the bullet had passed through the wall of the compartment before it struck the ill-fated master.

The King's Weston walk came off on the Satur-

day, and we wound up the week by **dressing up in masks and shawls as two women, went to the back-door to ask for the housemaid, and frightened the cook nearly out of her wits, etc.** There is a comic touch of scorn at the gullibility of cooks in that *et cetera*.

By the 17th, H., who was head of the House, had collected **about £30 for the Percival memorial**, so the project evidently excited enthusiasm. **Carter spoke**; perhaps that had something to do with it. As the House Master always 'spoke' at every House meeting, he must, I conclude, have made a special effort. We had five House meetings in a fortnight, which was, I fancy, unprecedented.

Lessons and games continue to be recorded with great minuteness, and one entry reminds me of a custom which has often puzzled me since: **Played a South Town House Tie sub. for Winkworth. Hobart mi and Leche beat Clarke ma and me.** It seems exceedingly strange that in such a personal matter as a game of fives one boy should be considered so exactly the equal of another as to be allowed to take his place in a match, and it is altogether incomprehensible that the substitute should be taken from another House.

But so it was in 1879; the rule was altered afterwards. Winkworth, a game left-hander, who was probably in the Sanatorium, must have been annoyed when he heard the result. Both Clarke and Leche are well-known doctors, who would probably smile to hear that their victory of long ago was the same night embalmed in T. J. and J. Smith's Diary cheek by jowl with the soul-stirring fact that **H. practised a song for Auntie's party.**

The plan of providing a substitute for a disabled player of importance was carried out in all games. As will presently appear, I have even known a master or an Old Cliftonian play football in a match in place of a Cap on the sick-list, and exchanges between Houses were more common. I well remember Gribble, when he was the only Cap in the North Town, breaking his collar-bone, and watching a subsequent match wrapped in rugs while the elder Evershed (of Brown's) took his place. The game was played on Lower Slope, and Evershed dropped a beautiful goal with his left foot which the umpire did not see, and disallowed. This Evershed was the Derbyshire cricketer, who was in Evans's Eleven in 1877.

The books mentioned this week are 'Harold,'

'Dab Kinzer,' and 'Drifted into Port.' As I have no recollection of them at all, I cannot say if either of them was responsible for our making **false moustaches out of the hearthrug in the dining-room.** We did so, however. I remember the rug—it was a hairy, woolly black, and the moustaches tickled abominably.

Walks to King's Weston again alternate with hockey. The game stands condemned by the comment, **It was awfully cold.** Modern hockey cannot be described as a cold game, except for the goalkeeper of the stronger side.

I pass over all entries referring to home life. They tell of trifling games, the preparation of lessons, the visits of guests, poultices for the eye, presents for various birthdays, and books read—*e.g.*, 'The Monks of Thelema,' which revealed a new and attractive writer.

The brother's progress in shooting is commended: **2 bulls at 200, and 1 at 500**; and again, a total score of 22. These were early days, and the old Snider was not a weapon of precision. However, it outlasted our time, and the brother, who became the best shot in the school with it, must soon have looked back with contempt on a paltry 22. It was really a feat to make a 'bull'

at 200 yards, because you had to stand or kneel, at any rate for class firing, sitting in the most uncomfortable position possible on your right heel; and the only rifles which shot even approximately straight were the extra long and heavy ones reserved for promising shots.

This reminds me of a great disappointment which was dissolved in still greater joy. My House Master was driving me, two years later, to Bedminster, after a long day's cricket, to shoot for the House Fours Challenge Cup, when we met a School House boy, who stopped the waggonette to say that H. had made 58 for us, but that unless I could make 44 the School House would win. Mr. Wollaston replied that he could rest easy, but he went away laughing; for both he and I knew that I had never made 40, and was not likely to do so. When the marker signalled my last shot, and we added up the total to 42, I could have swallowed my ramrod for vexation; but the kindly words of encouragement which I heard are among the most precious things in life. The next morning we found that the scores had been added up wrong, and that we had won the Cup.

MARCH

But Love made answer, "Lo! thou hast possessed
Long since of all the treasures in my store
The one most priceless: I have filled thy breast
With happy memories, that shall evermore
Lighten thine earthly toil, make soft thy rest,
And greet thy wakening on the far-off shore."

THERE is an entry on the 1st which puzzles me: **Moorsom has seen Dunn.** Why the interview was as important to the diarist as a chemical experiment in 'the Den,' where it took place, and what passed, remain impenetrable mysteries. Mr. T. W. Dunn had been a House Master, teaching one of the Classical Lower Fifths, until April, 1878, a year before, when he became Headmaster of Bath College. He was doubly endeared to us by having been the Master who entertained my brother when he stood for an entrance scholarship, and who afterwards taught him German, and also by having, through Mr. Moberly, sent

me a formal letter of invitation to his House supper in 1877, when the 'Towns' had no such festivities. The letter was never destroyed, and in 1879 was tucked into the diary as a document worth preserving.

It would surprise both him and Mr. Moberly, who was then his House Tutor and my Form Master, to know what importance was attached to that simple act of kindness. Fancy an entirely insignificant fag producing a formal invitation (addressed to him as Mister) after a lapse of twenty-six years! I had never been to anything of the kind before, and enjoyed myself hugely. The songs were a rare novelty, and the speeches of R. Moore and Mr. Norman Moor, sparring at each other over the spelling of their respective names and other simple matters, savoured of that delicate personality which is the attic salt of after-dinner speaking. R. Moore, a Master at Wellington, then a boy in Dunn's House, happily survives; but Norman Moor, an Old Cliftonian Master for over twenty years, died in 1895, to the great grief of everyone connected with the school. He was a Balliol Scholar, a teacher of the first rank, and the most sympathetic and lovable of men.

Moorsom, now an eminent land agent, was in my Form and my House, and therefore could never have been in Dunn's. Still, he had 'seen Dunn,' and doubtless related the adventure with gusto. Perhaps he had been to Bath.

On the 4th one would naturally suppose from **wrote lines** that the diarist had been given an 'impot,' or imposition, but on the 5th we read: **I went to the Town meeting, and Buzzy gave me the 100 lines, and I gave them him, and he laughed.** This is cryptic, and looks as if the punishment had been anticipated and done in advance. 'Buzzy' was the generic name of nine Younghusbands, and obviously refers to my partner of the Fives tie, who, though only in the Military and Engineering Fifth, had what was technically known as 'Sixth power' conferred upon him. There were only three boys in the Sixth who lived in the 'North Town,' and it required at least four to work the House properly, as there were fifty-seven fags.

Brief mention should be made of the other Younghusbands, without which no chronicle of Clifton could produce a fair impression. The first three brothers entered the school together in 1871, and all became famous in India. A. D. and

R. E. were both Head of the School and Caps, went to Balliol, and entered the Indian Civil Service, where they rapidly rose to high positions. The latter was Head of the School in the autumn of 1876 until October, when he was obliged to go into residence at Oxford. This simple fact is remarkable evidence of his value to the school, and Dr. Percival's estimation of it. He was in the Gymnasium Eight, and captain of the Cadet Corps. G. W. went to Sandhurst and became a soldier, joined the Indian Staff Corps, and fought in the Afghan War of 1878.

These three were sons of General R. R. Younghusband, C.B. Their younger brothers were Alfred, the quasi-Sixth above mentioned, E. R., and O., both of whom were ordained. E. R. was at New College, and O. at Trinity (Oxford), after throwing up a Queen's India Cadetship at Sandhurst, where he won the Gymnastic Prize. At school he was a Cap and in the Gymnasium Eight.

The other family consisted of the three sons of Major-General J. W. Younghusband, C.S.I. The eldest has earned a C.B. and many medals and honours, and will be remembered as a constant correspondent of the *Cliftonian* when he was in the

'Guides' (Punjab), and as a successful organizer and commander of Imperial Yeomanry in the South African War. He was Brigade-Major to Sir Robert Low in the Chitral Expedition, about which he and his younger brother, F. E., wrote a book, 'The Relief of Chitral.' Before that he had seen service in the Afghan War, the Soudan Expedition (1885), and the Burmese War.

At school he was a Cap and in the Eleven, but was prevented from doing himself justice by a severe kick on the head, which almost disabled him.

F. E., who, as a Lieutenant in the King's Dragoon Guards, rose at a bound into world-wide fame by travelling 7,000 miles across Central Asia from Manchuria to India, was also at Chitral, where he met another Cliftonian who has travelled nearly over the whole world, H. C. Thomson, author of 'The Chitral Campaign' and other books of travel and international politics.

In 1879 F. E. Younghusband was in the School House, and Mr. Stevens's Military and Engineering Fifth, with Kent, Haggard, O'Donnell, and Ogilvy, hereafter mentioned. Besides the book referred to, he wrote an account of his travels, 'The Heart of a Continent,' and was decorated with the C.I.E. and Kaiser-i-Hind medal.

The third brother, L. N., was at this time in Luckman's Form in the Junior School. He afterwards entered the School House also, got his Twenty-two, went to Sandhurst, and joined the Indian Staff Corps.

This is a long digression, though too tempting to be resisted.

The fags in the 'Towns' had a much easier time than their fellow-labourers in the Houses. They had none of the fascinating duties about which we had read in 'Tom Brown,' and, indeed, beyond taking clothes to the baths after football, and wickets and pads to the House nets in the summer, I cannot recall that they did much for their masters, and they were not attached, except for occasional purposes, to particular members of the Sixth.

This had its disadvantages, for the chief privilege of a fag was to get out of his master as many 'cons.,' or helps in construing, as might be necessary. It was impossible for a boy in Pembroke Road or Redland to get hold of his proper adviser in the evening if the great man lived in Worcester Crescent or the Avenue. I was myself fortunate in having a capable translator on the premises for five years, which I found

very useful, especially when the neighbours had fireworks in the evening.

An 'impot' from a 'Sixth' was not nearly so serious a thing in the eyes of a House Master as a similar punishment from a Master, though, in our humble opinion, backed, as they were, by the same ultimate appeal to force, they ranked about equal. Most of us would have preferred, I think, an outraged Form Master to a 'Sixth-meeting,' though the choice is no doubt difficult.

The head fag was supposed to set a good example to the other fifty-six, and in the present case I might have come in for a scolding from Mr. Wollaston, if he had not been away. I am not sure, however, at this distance of time, that it was not contrary to etiquette to take notice of a matter which was entirely between Sixth and fags. It was otherwise with offences in Form, which were brought directly to the notice of the House Master by the simple process of obliging every imposition to be written upon special paper, which could only be obtained from the House Master himself. I remember the last, if not the only, time I had to make the humiliating journey to 24, College Road. I was then high enough in the school to know better, but in a moment of temptation I cut

my name on my desk. On discovery I was sentenced to '180 lines,' but was so pleased with the execution of my carving, especially the capital letters, that I made light of the matter until I got to Mr. Wollaston's study; but he was upset about the matter, and I decided, for his sake, not to run any more risks. One must consider the feelings of others.

But I must return for a moment to the relations between the Sixth Form and inferior beings. When I entered the school, the 'Fifths' had just been released from servitude as fags, and were very much on their dignity and good behaviour. The first 'row' they had with the Sixth caused a great sensation, and arose from the growth of their pride. Lyon and Reynolds, who, though only in the Fifth, were justly revered by the fags as demigods, made some rude remarks about the Sixth in a circular which they sent round a Chemistry Set, with awful results at the hands of Chitty and Fox, two members of the Set who were in the Sixth, and took a serious view of their position. The school was convulsed, but the supremacy of the law of *lèse-majesté* was vindicated.

E. W. Lyon—'Tiger' Lyon—was in the

School House, a member of the School Eleven in 1878, and of the Gymnasium Eight, and captain of the Wimbledon Eight and the Cadet Corps. He was the school wicket-keeper, and in the Cheltenham Match, after catching two men at the wicket, took off his pads and bowled three more for twenty-six runs—'can bowl when wanted.' He was not quite a first-rate shot; no cricketer ever was, except Reynolds, who used to bowl all day in the sun, and then go to the distant range and make top score. Only those who have tried it know what that means. The very nerves you want most have all been spent on yorkers and running catches.

Lyon went to Cambridge, and thence to ranch in Arizona, where, to the horror of all his friends, he was shot and scalped by Indians on the war-trail. F. M. Reynolds, who bowled himself into the Eleven with a dislocated finger tied up in a bandage, was almost more successful in games, though not perhaps more of a school hero than his friend. They were in the same House, played in the Eleven together, shot together in the Eight, where Reynolds had the highest average in the team; both reached the Sixth, and each was in his turn captain of the Cadet Corps. But Reynolds, who

went to Edinburgh instead of Cambridge, was also a Cap, a higher distinction than the Gymnasium Eight, played cricket for his University, and became a doctor. At Wimbledon he made top score, and shot for the Spencer Cup; and in athletics only just failed to win the Challenge Cup from Bradshaw. He was entitled by seniority to the captaincy of the Eleven in 1880, but in order to devote himself to work, waived his right in favour of Vizard.

They were great men in their generation, and the fags fairly worshipped them. To be spoken to by either of them was a thing to remember. Their names re-echo from the dim past like those of Argive kings.

J. S. W. Chitty and E. L. Fox, who made their stand for authority and discipline, were both boys of exceptional abilities. The latter was the only son of Dr. Fox, and obtained a First in Greats at Balliol, where he played in the college cricket eleven. The former was the son of a barrister, and the grandson of a very famous special pleader, who numbered eight judges amongst his pupils. Chitty obtained a Demyship at Magdalen and a First in Chemistry, matriculated at London University, graduated as a first B.Sc., and won

all the medals and scholarships at Charing Cross Hospital. What promised to be a very brilliant career was cut short by his death in 1887.

It is with a sense of bathos that we leave the windy plains of Troy and perforce return to the **distilled water, the revolver practice in the garden**, and the walks to King's Weston Down of the humble diarist, and we hasten on to the public events which are now beginning with the House Cup Runs, merely noticing in passing that Dr. McGregor, who shortly became a Nova Scotian professor, appears to have stated in a physics class that, **In the Rideau Hall, Ottawa, if you shake hands with anyone, a spark of electricity passes between you and him.** Perhaps, when he was on that side of the Atlantic, he found that this legendary phenomenon, like so many others, will not stand the test of experiment. He returned to become Professor Tate's successor at Edinburgh.

There were, and doubtless are still, three kinds of Cup Runs, or cross-country steeplechases: the House Cup Runs for boys under sixteen; the Short Penpole, a longer race, similarly limited in age, but not confined, of course, to any particular House; and the Long Penpole, the open

race, which counted for a certain number of marks towards the Athletic Sports Challenge Cup. The mention of the Runs conjures up echoes of names familiar even to hockey players: Westbury, Henbury, Horfield, Coombe Dingle, Dundry, Pill, Penpole Point, King's Weston Down, Long Ashton, Nightingale Valley, the Trym, Sea Mills, and the rest.

Those mornings when we rushed out in the fresh spring air to see the finish of the House Cup Runs were very delightful. Our interest was not at all confined to our own House, and each day was a separate pleasure. Who does not remember the magnetic thrill that shook the waiting crowd when the leader had been sighted by outposts on the Downs, and perhaps proved not to be the favourite after all? There was also the pleasing possibility that your House champion might beat all those in the other House which was running with yours. Think of the triumph with which the youthful diarist (who was 'lugged' by Richardson and Hobart) hugged himself as he wrote: **Pringle got our House Cup and Fyffe the South Town, but was beaten by 2½ minutes. No one else came in in Pringle's time.** In order to 'come in,' you had to pass

the winning-post within five minutes of the winner.

On the previous day, the 10th, no comment is made on the bare fact that Best won Dakyns's Cup, with Graham (D. H.) and Taylor (Wa. H.) next. How difficult it is, without a diary to consult, to disentangle the confused memories of the past, and to fix your mind for a moment on a race won by a friend years before much more important races, which are easy to remember! No one who saw it will forget how Pringle's giant stride won the mile in record time the following year, and only failed by 1½ marks to win for him and us the Challenge Cup as well; but it is not easy to reconstruct a picture of his 'under sixteen' performances.

Fyffe, a son of Dr. Fyffe, played cricket, went to Cambridge, and became a doctor, like his father. Best was a new boy in his first term. Which of the sixteen Grahams educated at the school was the runner-up I leave others to decide.

Wednesday, 12th.—Wiseman's and Oakeley's Runs. Tudor, O. H.; Spencer Bell, Wi. H.

Their race is ended, and they are once more united where 'The prize is nothing, and the race is all.' Tudor, who was a small, dark, good-

looking boy, with curly hair, got his Cap and Eleven, and became a solicitor. Spencer Bell also got his Cap, went to Oxford, where he was very popular, and was drowned in a squall on Derwent Water.

No other race is noted this week, but the enthusiastic spectator of the running of other boys seems to have neglected his work. **I am to be kept in for my Euclid on Friday and Saturday. I hope I shall enjoy it.** And on Saturday at least, sure enough, **I was kept in for Euclid. Sambo took us.** The enjoyment is left to the imagination.

'Sambo' was Mr. E. Miller, a quiet, kindly man, who died in 1889, after serving the school faithfully for over seventeen years. Certain mischievous boys were once much pleased at persuading a lady who wanted some concert tickets to address him as 'S. Miller, Esq.'

My detention was, no doubt, rendered additionally painful by the fact that I came to it from seeing the North Town beaten by Oakeley's at fives. Bidwell and Marshall represented us, and could do no more than accept an honourable defeat at the hands of such giants as H. S. Cooper (who twice won the Open Doubles) and Vizard,

the Gloucestershire cricketer. Both were in the Eleven. There were two Marshalls in my Form this term, and except that both were small, thin, and athletic, no two boys could have been more unlike each other. The North Town champion, Young Nigger, was dark, being a son of General Marshall and a younger brother of W. D. Marshall, Old Nigger, the Gunner, who fought with great distinction at Kassasin, and died of his wounds. E. D. Marshall remained in the school for over seven years, and Vizard played him several times for the School Eleven. His clever left-handed bowling attracted a good deal of attention, and he was in 1879 one of the heroes of that first House Match, shortly to be mentioned, which thrills me yet. He afterwards won the School Doubles at fives with MacTier.

The other Marshall was Red Marshall, or 'Carrots,' the Oxford Three Miler. Neither of these fags, of course, could possibly be confused with M. R. L. Marshall, the captain of the Cadet Corps, an Irishman from Kerry, who went to New College and became a barrister.

Red-haired boys are always conspicuous at a Public School, and, in my limited experience, always popular. There was at this time a little

boy in the Junior School (Laxton's Form, Lower Fourth) whose hair earned him the name of 'The Torch.' He went to Oxford, and thence as a University candidate, like Haig, to Sandhurst, became a Captain in the 6th Dragoon Guards, and was shot in the South African War as he was approaching a Boer farm which was flying the white flag.

Monday, 17th.—School House Cup Run: Whitehead, Stockley, Percival, Wiggin, Blackburn, Butler.

Of R. E. Whitehead, who was then with his elder brother in the Lower Fifth, I can say little. The ties of private and unbroken friendship are too strong. I may record, however, that he ran and jumped successfully, and was chosen by Mr. Wilson to command the Cadet Corps when he was only a Recruit, an experiment amply justified by the result. His services to the school, and to old Cliftonians, are well known, and have won him a place upon the Council itself. His First Class at Oxford, and his success at the Bar, Parliamentary and Chancery, will probably soon be forgotten in that which surely lies before him in the larger life of the House of Commons. As a platform speaker he has already made his mark,

and created a rare enthusiasm amongst his political supporters in Essex. The father of the Whiteheads was afterwards Lord Mayor of London, and gave a great ball at the Mansion House, to which many Cliftonians were invited.

Percival, J. G., was 'Young Jumps'; Wiggin the head of our Form, the eldest son of Sir Alfred Wiggin; and Blackburn either the soldier in the Cameronians who was killed in the South African War, or his brother, who went to the Scotch Bar —I cannot, after twenty-five years, say which.

Entries of success in Form are now varied by accounts of **the prettiest little dog I ever saw,** which had become an inmate of the family.

Thursday, 20th.—Oakeley's House—the redoubtable H. S. Cooper and Vizard—were beaten by the School House—G. C. Harrison, the captain of the Eleven, and 'Tubby' Sharp, the champion player of the school. Harrison had a brilliant Oxford career at Oriel, of which College he was an Exhibitioner, for he won two Firsts and his Cricket Blue. He then returned to his old school to spend seven years there as a Master before going to Fettes, where he untimely died. Sharp, in far Dundee, is one of the most patriotic of the sons of Clifton.

Short Penpole: Pringle, Marshall, Cookson. The second was Red Marshall, followed home two seconds later by H. E. Cookson, the third of the brothers, afterwards scholar of Oriel, and now a Master at Malvern. Twelve 'came in.' Pringle was actually eight years in the school, and has had a distinguished career in the Engineers.

Long Penpole: Harrison mi 1st, H. 59th. House Cup, vide list. H. had some muck chucked on to his head, which made him bad (Henbury).

The diarist is plainly getting lazy. After writing in pencil for several weeks, he refers us to a list for the fifty-nine names which are necessary to include his brother, who, by the way, did not after all get the House Cup, as he did not 'come in.'

'House Cup' refers to the fact that every House had a Cup for boys over sixteen, and it was given to the first to 'come in' in the Long Penpole. Harrison mi (H. C. V.) was also in the North Town, but was doubtless disqualified by winning the School Cup. He had easily won the Short Penpole the year before, and though he had stated his ability to win the open race, we did not believe him. However, he took the matter very seriously, and trained himself absolutely to

perfection. We used to say that he had trained himself not only to the day, but to the hour; and, considering his slight figure, nothing else could have snatched that narrow victory of 5 yards after a 10-mile struggle from the sturdier Ogilvy. Between March 22 and April 3 he had 'trained off,' and did nothing in the Sports. He is a Major in the Artillery, and won distinction in the War. Ogilvy joined the Militia, and died in 1883.

Hugh Cookson was third (he was second in 1880, and first in 1881), and Cyril Hobart, who led for a great part of the race, was fifth, the twins being eleventh and fifteenth. If I thought that anybody not an ardent Cliftonian would honour me by reading this book, I should like to describe that race. But, upon consideration, I do not think I am capable of it. It was my third Long Penpole, and I saw four afterwards, and little of the 1879 event is left on the pages of memory except the sight of a vast crowd stretching from Emmanuel Church to the slopes of the Downs, and two stern-faced white figures tearing home only a few yards apart after that weary struggle. The rest was a time of anxious waiting for number fifty-nine, who came in very much exhausted, his

head wagging, giving his younger brother grievous pangs. He was essentially a sprinter, and only ran, as the linnets sing, because he must. He was head of the House. Also his rifle practice had prevented him from attending the Runs.

Exciting finals were being played at intervals in the fives ties. **Form Tie: Kent and Harris beat Wiggin and self.** The former was 'White' Kent, for whom I always had the greatest respect (even when he was below me in the Form), because he had been 'left top' of the Lower Third when I entered it as a new boy, and he did not in the least mind being caned. He was a great man, too, in cricket, and took Carstairs' place in the eleven at Lords this year, where he divided the batting honours with Bradshaw. 'Hits hard, but in a style of his own.' His genial temper made him very popular.

Tuesday, 25th.—Iambics: Chemistry: Xenophon: Laboratory. Fives: let on Robinson, Francis, Haywood.

This probably means that at the end of a game in one of the open courts I 'bagged' the court in the way already described, and out of a clamouring crowd, all yelling 'Let me on,' I condescendingly selected those named in return for

favours past and to come. 'Haywood' was, I should guess, a misnomer; it may have been F. J. Hayward. It snowed that day, which is very interesting.

On the Thursday half-holiday, the 27th, we all flocked to the gymnasium to see the annual competition. This time we are not referred to a list, but the whole Eight are named: **Menzies and Bolton equal, Evans, Cliff, Heaton, Rathbone, MacTier, Spinks.** Sergeant Wilson was the instructor. The first two were undeniable, but 'Curly' Evans, who was half the size of Bolton, the sprinter, was especially commended. MacTier was also a sprinter and swimmer, who afterwards ran, and lost, the very best race I ever saw—the Quarter Mile in 1881. He was a great athlete, a Cap, in the Eleven, entered the army, and fought in Burmah. He is an Instructor in Tactics at Sandhurst.

We rushed out, 'bagged' courts, and played fives. I must have had plenty of exercise, for there are nine names in the diary of partners and opponents.

On the 29th the Junior Cup Run took place, and we of 'the College' patronised it. I remember it surprisingly well. **Cookson Sextus**

got it, and Quintus fell down on the Downs. Sextus is in Ceylon and Quintus in Cairo.

I was standing at the bottom of Northcote Road with some other members of the Form, when one of them surprised me by saying that he hoped the favourite, Quintus, would not win. The speaker was a rollicking, devil-may-care fellow, always getting into scrapes. 'Oh, they are too *pi*!' he said. Mr. Dakyns would doubtless have reminded us of the man who voted for the ostracism of Aristides because he was tired of hearing him always called 'The Just.' The historical parallel was exact. However, Quintus fell down, and Sextus came by his own. He afterwards got his Cap and Twenty-two colours, an Exhibition at Balliol, like his eldest brother, and, also like him, a First in Moderations and a Second in Greats.

Monday, 31st.—Throwing the Cricket Ball, vide card.

Tuesday, April 1.—Heats, vide card.

The Sports were approaching, and the preliminary heats were run off on the three days before, Tuesday being made a half-holiday for the purpose. Trevor threw the cricket ball only 5 inches under the 100 yards. Try and see how

far you can throw it. I afterwards heard of a soldier who made, and won, a bet that four officers in a regiment of Guards would not in four separate throws collectively cover 100 yards. However, I believe that one of the competitors, being untrained in the exercise, threw the ball some yards in the wrong direction.

Trevor mi, R. was the younger of two brothers in the School House, and a great athlete, got his Cap, and played in the Eleven. He, too, has passed away. He joined the Army Medical Corps, and died in 1885 at Malta, the most insanitary military station in Europe. Imagine how proud we were of him in the Upper Fourth. It is almost impossible to believe that he was still a fag. He also won the open Broad Jump. Success in the studies which rejoice pales into insignificance before a feat like that.

His elder brother, Trevor ma, H. who was in the Lower Fifth, left in July, and went to Sandhurst. He was a captain in the 15th Sikhs, fought in the Soudan, the Burmese Expedition, and the Hazara Expedition.

APRIL

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between
His own name over all.

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES.

ON the 2nd I find the first mention of Brain's name. He was a small boy in the Lower Fifth, learning fives and cricket. I had just made his acquaintance, and we played fives this day with Carey and E. D. Marshall. It must have been a good game, though these were early days. Brain became the best player Clifton ever turned out, and his cricket successes are sufficiently well known. He was captain of the Eleven in 1883, and afterwards captain of Oxford, with Key secretary. It was his dog that prevented the North Town from being Cock House at cricket in 1883. We both had fox-terriers, and one Sunday evening, when we were well on our way to victory over

Bartholomew's House, Brain having made 80 odd, his dog pinned mine. He seized his beast by the hind legs, and the ungrateful animal turned and bit him through the thumb. So Brain had to bat in the second innings with one hand, and we lost by a narrow margin. My dog was misunderstood. I bought him under the influence of 'Verdant Green,' and he had no vices, but wanted to fight everything he met. I see him now, on his back in the dirt, beneath the black muzzle of an outraged mastiff.

Brain acted like a hero. With his hand streaming with blood, he quietly asked me to take my dog away, lest his sister should be alarmed for the safety of the other. He then had the wound cauterized, but never in my hearing did he utter a syllable of complaint, or even of regret. Perhaps he knew that I would have repaid him for what he had lost if it had been possible.

Carey was an older friend, who had introduced himself to me long before as one who had been at a private school with a cousin of mine. This cousin confided to me that Carey's real initials were not B. D. as in the School Lists, but B. de B., Basil de Bouvois, which interested me very much. He came from Guernsey, returned thither to

practise as a doctor, and died there in 1895. The proudest moment in his career must have been on that Sunday evening in Big School when the Headmaster, Mr. Wilson, gave an address on 'Swagger,' and fairly electrified the assembled school by saying: 'It is not our Careys, our Vizards, or our Richardsons that swagger. . . .' I doubt not that many boys in the audience would have resigned every other honour to be included in that sentence. Such was ever the temper of Cliftonians. Carey was of small stature, and deeply freckled; no great scholar, not a fellow of many friendships, but I think that when he left there was no more universally popular boy in the school, where he had spent four years.

Thursday, 3rd.—Latin Prose. Latin verses (awful howler). Science. Athletics. I went in the Grand Stand. [I fancy this cost a shilling.]

Friday, 4th.—Old Cliftonian Handicap. 120 yards: (1) Gribble, 3 yards; Evans (scratch) and Baxter, 15, equal. (2) Heath, 7; Mallet, 9; Giles.

Final: Gribble. Hand fives: Sharp (Cup). Bat fives: Harrison (Cup). Racquets: Nicholson (Cup). Boxing: Burd (2 pair gloves). Grand Stand.

Here we see the impression left on the mind of

the fag as he surveyed in the evening the bewildering roll of events. He probably knew the names of all the winners, but the task of enumerating them was too tedious. Not even '*vide* card.' But Gribble, the great North Town champion, had flashed meteorically upon the scene and snatched the Old Cliftonian Cup from no less a person than A. H. Evans himself. Gribble, at all costs, must be enshrined in the pages of the diary with the careful detail that he had 3 yards start of Evans.

Here, again, memory is at fault. The Old Cliftonian race which stands out in my recollection is the 300 yards level not mentioned, which was won by Cecil Boyle, the great hunter, steeplechaser, yeomanry officer, and stockbroker, destined by man for the city, and by nature and by fate to be galloper to a cavalry General, to relieve Kimberley, and to find a soldier's grave at Boshof. . . .

The Challenge Cup was won by Bradshaw, who just beat Reynolds. One won the Mile and the other the Hurdles, one the Quarter and the other the Hundred Yards, in which H. secured a place in his heat. If H. had kept the diary he would not have failed to note that he was also second in the Final of the 300 Yards Handicap with 25 yards start, and would probably have added that Boas,

who beat him, was unfairly favoured with 38. J. G. Bradshaw won the Mile and the Half Mile at Cambridge, where he was a Scholar of his College, Jesus, and Twentieth Wrangler. He was afterwards a Master at Clifton for seven years, after acting as tutor to the children of the Earl of Carlisle, and now has a school of his own at Hockley Heath.

The Old Cliftonians, who always excited immense biographical interest amongst the fags, turned up in force, and though only three ran in the scratch race, over thirty toed the mark for the Handicap, for which Messrs. Wiseman and Dakyns, with prompt generosity, provided a Cup. Another novelty was that the Hundred Yards races were run straight across Big Side, instead of down the curved track.

Burd and Boas both went to Balliol as Exhibitioners. The former became a Master at Repton and the latter a Professor at Belfast, after working for many years as an Extension Lecturer. Both got their Caps at school and two Firsts at Oxford, but Boas stayed up an extra year, and won an additional First in History.

In the evening the School Concert, which had been put off at Christmas, was held, and on

Saturday the diarist dismisses one of the greatest events he ever witnessed in four words (in pencil), **Supper in Big School.** This was preceded by the presentation to Dr. Percival, in the Library, of an address 'from Former Pupils and Attached Friends.' There was also a very handsome gift of plate by the school, and a bust by Woolner, R.A., the gift of the masters, was placed in the Library. A lady was heard to say of the silver, which was very fine: 'It is a white elephant. He will have to keep an extra footman at Oxford simply to clean it.'

The combined House Supper was attended by about 500 people, and the gallery was also packed with visitors who came to hear the speeches. Dr. Percival, our beloved Headmaster, who had created and built up the school from nothing, was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. Thunders of applause and tornadoes of cheering rent the air, both when his health was proposed and when he rose to reply. It was indeed an ever-memorable occasion, and one likely to impress the mind of a fag; but what may be interesting to know is how those actually present *were* impressed, what aspect of the scene pleased them most, and what were the governing thoughts they brought away.

Speaking for myself, I have no hesitation in saying that what I remember best of the proceedings of that tumultuous assembly was the inimitable and altogether indescribable speech of Mr. Dakyns. I count it amongst the better fortunes and accidents of life that on that evening I was a member of his Form. I caught his eye as he humorously referred to 'one or two members of my Form whom I see scattered about,' and felt all the intimacy of private as well as public enjoyment. I had but one fault to find with the speeches, they were too long, and his, perhaps the longest, was far too short. All the time that he was speaking I feared lest he should make an end.

I have clean forgotten what the Old Cliftonians said and the big wigs, even what was said, and well said, by Mr. Harris, a former House Master—Mr. Oakeley's predecessor, and my brother's first Form Master—by that elegant speaker, the author of 'Foc'sle Yarns'—nay, by Dr. Percival himself—but nothing can ever efface the feeling of keen enjoyment with which we, at any rate, of the Fourths listened to the all-pervading humour of Dakyns. He was egotistical, as are the best after-dinner speakers, and he created that sympathetic atmosphere which keeps the smallest detail in key

with the whole. We applauded him with an indescribable feeling of proud proprietorship.

Let me hasten to say that the speaker was not by any means a mere joker. No one knew better how to be serious; and in this place it is not irrelevant to say that, of all the lay sermons I heard in Big School in seven years, his, on 'Mixing up Things that Differ,'—his last—was one of the few that I still remember with advantage.

So, then, Dr. Percival in a way, and only in a certain sense, took leave of us. That he has never really left us, and never will while life remains, we know. And all the record of his great farewell which is to be found in the diary is **Supper in Big School.**

He had one more public duty to perform, and that was to read out the School Lists. At six o'clock on Monday the 7th, we all crowded into the old Cloisters, and stood in a dense mass below the stairs canvassing our respective chances. Who would be top? Also who would be bottom? I remember the moment well. The door of that forlorn little box, the Masters' room, opened, and the Headmaster came out, passed through the crowd, and mounted the stairs. Half-way up he turned, took off his cap, and began, 'Sixth

Form,' and so went through the six Fifths until he came to us. My heart stood still, but—I was top.

I do not know what the system of prize-giving is now, but at that time it was manifestly illogical. The competition in the Easter term was as keen and the work was as good as, or better than, that of the summer term; but whereas the head boy of every Form received a prize in July, none were given in April. If I had been rather lazy, and had risen only two places instead of five, I should have remained another term in the Form, had an easy summer term instead of a very hard one, and won a prize. I could give one glaring instance of a boy having remained purposely in a low Form, as he told me beforehand he intended to do, for *two* terms longer than he need have done in order to get a prize, which he won with the greatest ease.

Again, the prizes given at Christmas were only for the examinations, so that a boy might be head of his Form every week and head in the final order, which not infrequently happened, and still not get a prize.

It is no doubt a thorny and difficult subject, and we had better return to the old Cloisters,

where, at the word from the senior member of the Sixth present, who happened to be my brother, three ringing cheers were given for the last time for the Headmaster, as we of the 'Towns' sped away with the news homeward. I thought then, and think now, of what Henry Kingsley says of the 'home business' in 'Ravenshoe.'

So Dr. Percival became President of Trinity College, Oxford, and I wrote **Holidays** in great sprawling capitals in the diary; and with that word ceased for ever to be a North Town fag.

Amongst those who 'returned no more' was Douglas Haig, a football Cap who went to Brasenose College, Oxford, and thence to Sandhurst, from which he passed out First. He was gazetted to the Queen's Own Hussars, and developed remarkable military gifts. In the South African War he served under General French with great distinction, was frequently mentioned in despatches, and rose to the rank of Colonel. Amongst men of his age, probably no one in the whole army achieved a more brilliant reputation. Another who left was E. P. Fry, a member of the Gymnasium Eight, who went to New College, became a barrister, and assisted his father, Sir

Edward Fry, to bring out the third edition of a famous law book, 'Fry on Specific Performance.' He deserted the law, however, married, and settled down at Weston-super-Mare with a private school of his own.

The amusements of the Easter holidays in Clifton are not exciting in the relation. I seem to have done surprisingly little reading. A sad novel called 'A Brave Lady,' a magazine called *Good Things*, 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' and 'A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*,' are all the books mentioned; but the games were still as numerous as ever. We bought walking-sticks, and went with them for walks. We played tennis, fives, 'ball game,' vingt-et-un, speculation, picquet, marbles with a young cousin home from a private school—where, doubtless, marbles were 'in'—painted cards, **arranged albums**, invented private theatricals, made drawings in pen and ink, played chess and whist, **lounged**—whatever that may mean—lay in hammocks, projected a fishing expedition—which was prevented by east wind—fenced, fought sham duels with pistols, bought arrows for use with ancient bows, and shot with them on the Downs, to the imminent danger of the public, till **turned off by the Ranger**, and ended by throw-

ing a cricket-ball, also on the Downs, without interference from the Ranger, to get into training for the coming term.

The craze for bicycles was rising to its height, and H., a moneyed man in the Sixth, bought a 'Tangent,' with a 52-inch front wheel and solid rubber tyres, whilst I had to be content with a 'bone-shaker,' which, being indestructible, is now, I trust, in the City Museum. It was made of oak, with iron tyres, and for a long time defied my utmost efforts to tame it. It was a very ugly thing to fall off, or with, or under, and every time I got on I did one or other, or all three. I eventually learnt to ride by inventing the method now in vogue for teaching servant-girls at dusk. Like all great inventions, it was stolen by someone else without acknowledgment. The hire of the bone-shaker amounted to 5s. 6d. for a week, which still strikes me as an amazing overcharge.

Outdoor sports seem to have cooled our chemical ardour, but one day **I smashed the big retort making nitric acid.** Perhaps the other experiments were uneventful, and, therefore, not deemed worthy of mention. Distillations always amused me, because they helped us to play at being alche-

mists. All pictures of genuine alchemists—there is one by Cruikshank in 'The Ingoldsby Legends' —have retorts and receivers in them, and a cold-water jacket was a charming toy.

A mysterious sentence reminds me of what might have been a fight: **Rencontre H. and fish-boy.** It refers to this. We had been playing lawn-tennis, and had lost some balls. We suspected the errand-boys who loitered outside the garden railings to watch us, and at last concluded that the fish-boy, basket on arm, who chaffed us after the manner of his kind, had stolen one or more of the balls. We boldly accused him. He prevaricated. H., in his best Sixth-Form manner, sent me to fetch his new hornbeam, and, white with suppressed fury, gave the wretched errand-boy his choice between producing a lawn-tennis ball from his person and receiving condign chastisement. I forget exactly how the matter ended. The fish-boy convinced us somehow that he had only been bluffing, and the storm blew over.

One day we had a trip to Weston-super-Mare. **I shied 77 yards and H. 76.** We seem to have been overcharged for ½ **a tough chicken.**

Small family jokes are written down, but the

savour of them has long since departed. A coat was tried on and a tooth stopped. The dentist said **it would be the best thing to put them all out on the table,** but the good man builded better than he knew. Lastly, we bought cricket 'bags'—*i.e.*, flannel trousers—and balls, and **went to Clifton Down Station twice and met the fellows.**

Wednesday, the 30th.—Black Monday. Mr. Irwin. Lower Fifth. 3 moved. Latin and Greek Prose. Mathematics, 4th Set, Stevens. Virgil. Repetition. Physics, Set II.

Mr. S. T. Irwin and Mr. Asquith took the two Classical Lower Fifths, and three of Mr. Dakyns's Form entered that of the former. Being no longer below 'the Fifth,' they had to be distributed for all subjects not taught in Form amongst the Sets 'above the Fifth.' Hence the note about Mathematics and Physics. Mr. Stevens had joined the staff the day we entered the school, and was an excellent teacher of Mathematics, in that little band in which Mr. Watson stood for calm precision and experience, and Mr. Hall for burning enthusiasm.

In Physics and Chemistry we were taught by Dr. Macgregor and Mr. Steggall, of whose minis-

trations I regret to say that I remember absolutely nothing. The former migrated, as I have said, to Nova Scotia at the end of the term, and the latter became in December a Professor at Dundee.

As I shall venture later on to give my opinion on one or two points, even when it is not entirely favourable, I take this opportunity of saying that, so far as I am able to judge, scientific subjects have always been taught most admirably at Clifton—at least, to the older boys. Both laboratories and lectures were not only well arranged, but up to date, and the work was made really interesting. In our time this was, of course, primarily due to Dr. Tilden and Mr. Shenstone.

MAY

Far away
Lies JOYOUS GARD: there sleeps the windless sky,
There dreams the sunlit summer of our life;
Come, let us seek it.

MORDRED.

I FIND in the diary no mention of the new Headmaster beyond the initials on the cover. 'Mr. Wilson, of Rugby,' the Rev. J. M. Wilson, Senior Wrangler, and a House Master at the school which had given us also our first Headmaster, had been duly appointed, and had doubtless arrived; but his circle did not touch that of the Lower Fifth with so intimate a contact as did that of Sergeant and Mrs. Elton, who **keep the grub-shop**, or that of the School Marshal, who **asked for our leaves** when I **went to Bristol with Pringle to get his Cup.** Which of his many Cups it was I cannot guess. I ought to say, that though my official relations with the Headmaster

were too slight to be mentioned in the diary, we in the Fifths found him wonderfully human when we did come across his path. On a subsequent day in the summer holidays my brother and I accidentally met him when walking to Bristol to buy flies for our fishing expedition on Ulleswater. He took a most kindly interest in us, and asked me to guess what fish he had most enjoyed catching. I suggested whales and sharks, the only fish I could think of which were of sufficient dignity and bigness to be chased by a Headmaster. I remember the jolly laugh with which he said that tickling trout was the finest sport in the world. I could tell many other stories of Mr. Wilson, but they do not belong to 1879.

There was no cricket the day we 'went to Bristol.' Bounsal was, I am sure, mowing the grass, but he had not yet come out with the marking-stencil board and whitening-pot, without which not even the meanest match could be considered legal. The click of his mowing machine was one of the most delightful sounds in the world.

Form nets were used for practice in the mornings of whole school days, and House nets on the afternoons and in the evenings of half-

holidays; but the worn wickets were so execrably bad, and the system of batting so contrary to the best interests of the game, that in many cases the practice did as much harm as good. When all the nets were going at once the low death-rate was nothing short of miraculous; but the rapture of enjoyment with which we rushed into the fray was one which maturer age 'never can recapture.'

On the 2nd there was a House Pick-up, which must have been a gloomy affair in view of the approaching House Matches, for we had not a single 'colour' amongst us, and the head of the House was *ex-officio* captain. We had, however, two good bowlers, as will presently be seen.

On the 3rd Form Matches began, and we were drawn against the Sixth, who did not, of course, owing to the Big Side game, play their full team, which afterwards beat the school. Martensz, now a tea-planter in Ceylon, was our captain, and all I know about this particular game is that I made 1 (not out) and 0, **Heath and Rose bowling.** J. W. Rose, now a solicitor, was a fast left-hander, who went to Balliol. He got his Twenty-two colours. H. N. C. Heath, head of Brown's, had been in the school nine years, and was very, very

tall. He has been a most successful soldier, having fought in three or four campaigns and risen to the rank of Colonel. He also, like Haig, did very well in South Africa.

The match was finished in one day, for on the 6th—**Half-holiday, old system**—we played the Upper Fifth, and **I caught Cawker.** L. G. W. Cawker was a hard-bitten, black-haired gymnast, who went to Cambridge, and was afterwards lost in the great gale of October 15, 1886, when the *Nerbudda* went down with all on board. He came to Commemoration once in a frock-coat and top hat, almost unrecognised. I think the younger boys took him for a missionary.

The rifle-range had been changed from Avonmouth to Bedminster, whither H. went on the 3rd, and shot third for the Recruit Cup, Read being first and Welch—who afterwards got into the Wimbledon Eight this term, and became a first-class shot—second.

I do not quite understand the expression 'Half-holiday, old system,' for, so far as I recollect, it was not till afterwards that Mr. Wilson tried the experiment of having three regular half-holidays in each week, with an extra hour's work on Tuesday morning. This apparently popular

change did not work, and was given up. Under the ordinary system the head of the school used to call every Tuesday in the summer term on the Headmaster in the 'break' at eleven o'clock, and ask for a half-holiday, which was often granted. We looked with great eagerness on Tuesdays for the step of the School Marshal, who never came after 'break' except to announce the holiday, which he did by handing a written order to the Master. Sad was the fate of a too eager boy, who once threw up his cap in excitement at the news, and was 'kept in' in consequence. **Nets** and **fielding out for the House** went on with Form matches on half-holidays. We **licked Wiseman's Lower Fourth in an innings**, even the tyro compiling 21, with the result that he **sent P.O.O. and registered letter for nets and pads in 'Exchange and Mart.'** His progress in Latin was so great that it affected his English—**Uncle came home and goes away cras. It plued all day.**

On the 15th his parochial musings seem to have taken a wider range—**The world was to have come to an end to-night at 3.0.** [Two cousins] **were very excited about it.** The first Foreign Match, which was always played against

Clifton Club, came off on the 17th, and we suffered a grievous defeat. The only score entered is **Gribble, 69.** The great Old Cliftonian's success in cricket as at the sports was welcome to his old House. Clifton Club always had two or three Gloucestershire players in the team, and were for many years one of the strongest clubs in batting in the whole country. Frank Townsend, Fenton Miles, Jim Cranston, Gribble, and J. A. Bush formed a nucleus for a very pretty side.

We lay on rugs all round the Close and ate things out of paper bags.

My pads came, and I cleaned my bat. It soon required to be 'pegged,' which cost ninepence. Dryland, who was then the cricket professional and groundman to the school, seems to have justified the charge by saying that the bat required no less than forty-nine pegs and to be **partly strung.**

I am in the House Eleven. The team selected by the head was posted at the House meeting on the 19th, and the diarist went home to dream of glory assisted by 'pegs.'

The morning of the 20th dawned much as usual, no doubt, to the majority of the inhabitants of these islands, but not to the House Eleven that

was drawn against Wiseman's. We had, as I have said, no 'stars,' no experienced cricketers used to the nervous trials of Big Side, not even a solitary 'Twenty-two.' To be sure, Wiseman's were in the same case; but then they had 'Cabby' Mapleton, a slogger of the old school, and on Mapleton's success hung by common consent the issue of the fray. It was reported of him that he would on occasion do the mathematical 'Extras' of his whole House. We may therefore believe him popular.

Our allotted ground was next to the parapet, and the supporters of both parties were massed along the wall and the railings opposite to the Headmaster's garden. We won the toss, and, of course, elected to bat, but made a poor start. Harrison, the Long Penpole winner, failed to score. Wills, who could jump his own height, made 3. H. was out for 2. Brain played steadily for 12, which was top score; and our hopes rose. Nigger Marshall made 0; and Howard Fox, who had left us for Dakyns's (afterwards Bartholomew's) before he got into the School Eleven, 2. Priestley (Indian Staff Corps) could do no more. Despondency settled upon the group sitting round the Wollastons, relieved for a space by the partner-

ship of 'Crow' O'Donnell (now a Major in the Yorkshire Regiment), 11 not out, and 'Punch' Hatherell (Doctor of Medicine), 10, and deepened by the failure of the remaining pair, who scored a brace each—'Buzzy' and his victim of the 100 lines. Total, 46.

We took off our pads in silence, and in silence walked to the places which had been assigned to us the night before with elaborate care. In imagination we saw Mapleton hitting over Big School.

But Marshall and O'Donnell, who bowled throughout the innings and the match unchanged, exceeded our utmost hopes. They dismissed nine of our opponents for 4 runs; and if the redoubtable Mapleton had not made 19 and Austin 20, their score would have been the lowest on record. As it was, they made 44. It was, indeed, a day of small scores, for at our second attempt we only made 50, not a single batsman getting into double figures. The breakdown on both sides was due largely to nerves. I suppose that very few in either team had played in a House Match before—at any rate, in one so ticklish that the chance of victory seemed to hang on every ball. We were all very 'jumpy' when we took the field the second time,

and did not get any better as the wickets fell. How they fell may be gathered from the fact that ten men only put on 20 runs. I was fielding third man, and wondering whether, if I missed Mapleton, who was hitting like a flail, I should ever have the courage to walk across the Close again.

At length the clock struck six, and the first stage of the match came to an end. They had only 19 to win, and four wickets to fall. Mapleton was still in, and had made 26. Half a dozen more of his determined swipes, and we should be defeated. Not otherwise did he treat the Sherborne bowling in 1882, when he made 135, and was missed, I think, eight times. He made many runs for his college at Oxford also.

The remainder of the entry for May 20 is what one would expect: **I went to the net. E. M. Hobart Hampden came in and pretended to do con. Verses.**

The moment the match was over, and the boys in boarding-houses were swarming in to tea, we set up our House net, and fought our battles o'er again, bowling and batting, I have no doubt, with as much zest as if we had been in school all the afternoon. Work was difficult that night, and my Latin verses were hardly likely to charm the

classical taste of Mr. Irwin. Our attempts to do 'con.' were a pretence, but it is somewhat startling to find that we knew it.

'E. M.' was the fifth Hobart, who was in the South Town, and doubtless related how his House had been beaten in an innings by Dakyns's, Carey having made 93 for the latter. All three of Hobart's brothers (then in the school) ought to have been playing, but one was away. The twins, I rejoiced to hear, had done no better than me. The two Cooksons had fared worse. Altogether, it was a glorious evening, and there is no entry of any disaster in Form next day.

I am reminded that the Hobarts really lived in the North Town division—that is, in the division as altered and enlarged in 1877—but, owing to their antiquity and importance, they were allowed to remain in their ancient House.

On Wednesday, 21st, according to custom, the House match was continued at 6.15, play being allowed till old Waspe and

> 'The hard, familiar bell
> Told that the summer night was late.'

I do not know how the rest of our team had reserved themselves for the crucial struggle, but

I had been to the Form net in the morning and twice to the House net in the afternoon before school, **and had 2 ices.** I wonder what the lessons were like between four and six. When the game began, Mapleton and Tristram came in grinning, and the former made a single off Marshall. It was like a nail in our coffin. Many strangers from other Houses came to look on. O'Donnell then took the ball, and sent down a long hop on the off. The batsman struck out with all his might, but misjudged the ball, getting underneath it, and sending it spinning high in the air to third man. Zigzag down it came, but it was held, and in a silence which was broken by loud clapping as he approached, 'Cabby' retired to his coat. We Cliftonians never cheered a catch, nor even the greatest bowling feat. It struck us with a pained surprise that the whole of Cheltenham College should cheer their bowlers and catchers to the echo when we got out in the School Match. Coming into the pavilion from the wicket at Cheltenham was like facing a hostile army, if our old friends will permit me to say so. It was, no doubt, only a difference of tradition and custom. Mapleton being thus by good fortune removed, the captain of our side came up to me sparkling

with joy, and promised that, whatever happened, he would never turn *me* out of the House Eleven. I believe we shook hands—

> 'His captain's hand on his shoulder smote,
> "Play up! play up! and play the game!"'

We neither of us foresaw that Brain would get his Twenty-two colours before the next House match. He did so, however, became *ex-officio* captain, and turned me out. I have since forgiven him. The remaining bats found the weight of responsibility too heavy—they none of them got into double figures—and the innings closed for 47, the North Town winning by the trifling number of 5 runs, representing the result of one successful swipe. Our enjoyment of the victory was too intense for words, and there was great peace in the house of Wollaston that night.

Six who took part in the match afterwards played for the school, and six more got into the Twenty-two.

N. H. Vertue, 'Vice,' was on the losing side. A Major of the Buffs, he acted at Spion Kop as Brigade-Major to General Woodgate, and was buried where he fell, far in front of the firing-line. An old school friend, perhaps the last of them to

say good-bye to him when he left for South Africa, has written his epitaph:

Foremost of all, on battle's fiery steep,
Here VERTUE *fell, and here he sleeps his sleep.*
A fairer name no Roman ever gave
To stand sole monument on Valour's grave.

On the 22nd, A. D. Greene, an Old Cliftonian, who was in the Oxford Eleven, brought down a team from the University which easily defeated the school. Two other great Old Cliftonians, C. B. L. Tylecote and H. Fowler, also played. C. B. L. Tylecote had been captain of the School Eleven a dozen years before, and played for Bedfordshire. It was his brother, E. F. S. Tylecote (who was captain a year after him), who became captain of Oxford, played for England, and held the record for thirteen years by making 404 (not out) in 1868. H. Fowler was a more recent celebrity, for he was captain of the School Cricket Eleven in 1876, got into the Oxford Eleven and Football Fifteen, and played football for England during three seasons. It is curious, that though he was captain of the Middlesex Football Team, he played cricket at various times for Kent and Essex. He was at this date a New College Exhibitioner.

Reynolds and Trevor were the only bowlers

who met with any success for us. It was not a nice match to watch, as it rained all the time. Some Form Matches went on, which was not usual on Foreign Match days. Ours against the Modern Lower Fifth seems to have been devoid of incident. A shooting match at Bedminster between Classical and Modern is reported. **H. made second score.** He was coming on.

On the 24th Form Matches were continued. Carstairs, a tremendous hitter, with a bad leg, **made 86. I ran for him.** This probably made me feel proud.

The following week the weather continued bad, and I was reduced to reading 'David Copperfield.' I forget whether this was for the first time, but I think not. The first time I read that immortal novel I thought Steerforth a hero, and could not understand why he was supposed to have disgraced himself. I also cried over Dora and Jip, so it must have been long before. I scarcely dare confess even now that when I first read 'Vanity Fair' I greatly admired George Osborne, and thought that a great deal too much fuss was made about his giving Becky a posy with a note in it, —*Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.*

But this is a digression. The bad weather

drove us to fives, a very unusual thing in the summer term. A game is recorded with **Nig. Marshall, Punch Hatherell, and Priestley.** Also, **H. shot in the Wimbledon Eight against Oxford.**

Then came the 28th. **Invited to go to Knole with Mr. Wollaston.** What a welcome invitation that was! The Knole Park Match was deservedly popular. The ground was a beautiful one within a drive of the school, and a combined picnic of the most enjoyable kind took place there annually.

Thursday, 29th.—We started at 1.45 in a brake—Mr. and Mrs. Wollaston (and Miss P.), Brain, ourselves, Booker, Priestley, O'Donnell, Pringle, Harrison, Welch, Hedley — and we went to a splendid supper at Wollaston's afterwards. We were there first, and over 200 fellows. Two foxes walked across the pitch at lunch, and I saw a small one and 120 deer. We made 55, and they made 218; and we made 70 for 7 wickets. We came in first brake but Moor's.

A glance at the Knole Park team shows how strong they were. Amongst them were Dr. E. M. Grace, elder brother of W. G., and ex-champion,

who made 60 in his well-known style, and took 14 wickets with his equally well-known lobs; J. Cranston, F. Townsend, Gribble, Bush, and Miles, all of the County Eleven. Mr. Macpherson, the College Secretary, also played for them. Carey got 6 wickets, and made 30 not out in the second innings. It was gloriously fine, though the wicket, always a slow one, was as soft as butter after the week's rain. G. C. Harrison, who was captain of the School Eleven, did not play. He had sprained his ankle. The merry drive, the beautiful trees, and the unusual enjoyment of a school picnic, combined to make a picture of pleasure which rests like a green spot in the deserts of memory. I remember that we passed a notice-board upon which was painted the simple legend, 'Trespassers will wish they had not.'

The week ends without anything of fresh interest, except perhaps a tribute of gratitude to the brother whose assistance in construing Cicero seems to have been considerable. Those crabbed Roman writers were always a trial to modern chemists.

The following poem appeared anonymously in the *Cliftonian*. I have forgotten, if I ever knew,

who was the author of it, but I beg his permission to insert it here, and make my acknowledgments:

KNOLE.

A Ballade to be sung fifty years hence.

'Oh! sweetest of anni fugaces,
Oh! dearest of days that are o'er,
When steeds of dissimilar paces
Stood harnessed in front of the door:
When we, in our "pair" or our "four,"
Would gaily and dustily roll,
'Neath the sun of those summers of yore,
To the heat and the fragrance of Knole.

'When, after some hitch with our "traces,"
We got there at last, and then tore
Down the hill, and found one of the Graces
Was making his fifty or more.
Saw them out, and our own growing score
Defying their efforts to bowl;
Whilst the sun—and the teapots—did pour
Out their heat and their fragrance at Knole.

'Then home: when in emulous races
We struggled to get to the fore;
When the dust flew about in our faces:
When the backs of the horses were sore:
When the bystanding rustics would roar:
When our break, perhaps, smashed at the pole.
Oh! what hath the future in store
Worth the heat and the fragrance of Knole?

ENVOI.

'Friends, I am over threescore,
And my hair's getting thin at the poll;
Yet my heart it is basking once more
In the heat and the fragrance of Knole.'

After the death of Mr. Sholto Vere Hare the Knole Park Club was broken up, so there were no more of these delightful excursions.

Others were, however, afterwards arranged in connection with the Scientific Society, notably to Cheddar and Wells, and in later years the Public Schools Boxing and Gymnastic Competitions, and Field Days, have had their turn.

JUNE

'Let us now praise famous men—
Men of little showing;
For their work continueth
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth
Greater than their knowing.'

RUDYARD KIPLING.

I BEGAN the month with 'Pickwick' and a bad headache. My debt to 'Pickwick' is inestimable. I should feel publicly disgraced by confessing how many times I have read it. It is always old-fashioned, and never dull. My opinion of 'Boz' coincides with that of the late Captain Brown, of 'Cranford.' I have not time to envy the man or boy who has not read it, for I must keep some sympathy even for the wise person who has read it as often as I have, and is now sitting down to it again. It is not neurotic, and can safely be recommended for headaches even in the twentieth century.

The pads **from 'Exchange and Mart'** seem to have proved a failure, for on the 3rd **I sent advert. of pads.** They were again on offer, doubtless in the same widely-read paper.

On the 4th and 5th we had another Foreign Match, the annual fixture with the Liverpool Club, and the diary joyfully records a victory by no less than seven wickets. The scores were small owing to the soft wicket, H. S. Cooper's 29 and 28 being our best. Reynolds and Johnston (acting captain) divided the Liverpool wickets unchanged, surely a strange thing in a Foreign Match. The highest score made by the Club was 18.

How it was that Form Matches went on on a Wednesday I cannot explain, but they did. I suppose we had a half-holiday for the purpose, and we played the Modern Upper Fourth (Grenfell's), W. R. Sharp contributing a fine 86, and adding another leaf to his laurels by bowling me for 1. Owing to the atrocious weather, and the second drawing of the House Matches, this Form game seems to have been prolonged indefinitely. At any rate, on the 5th, beneath the announcement of the Liverpool victory, I find that we made 37, and had to follow on. This may have been

due to the absence of Carstairs. **We followed on, and Marks** (now an Army doctor) **made 30 odd and Carstairs is scoring, though he couldn't bat 1st inns. I did a howling piece of prose. Wet.**

In the matter of prose an elder brother is not of much use.

The results of the first House Matches are all noted, and the promotion of Carstairs and St. Hill to the Twenty-two. **Brain played on Big Side to-day** [after the Liverpool Match, I suppose], **and made 22 not out for the Choir. Vizard, Cooper, and Carey have got their Elevens.**

Friday, 6th. — Brain and Sharp have got their Twenty-twos, and so *he* is Captain of the House.

I foresaw trouble in the matter of the House Eleven. **Read 'Ravenshoe.'** This was some consolation. **H. is 17.**

Saturday, 7th. — No cricket. Poured in torrents. House Matches. We are drawn against Oakeley's. I am not in the House Eleven, Booker is. 'Ravenshoe,' 'Ravenshoe,' ditto, ditto.

The blow had fallen. A double or quadruple dose of the anodyne was administered.

Sunday, 8th.—Stopped out with every conceivable disorder.

Monday, 9th.—12-1.30. House Matches. We made 41, and in the evening they made 40 for no wicket. We began a Second Eleven Match against Brown's, but were turned off by Watson's. . . .

Tuesday, 10th.—House Matches, 2nd Eleven against Brown's. Pringle made 16, Holmes 9, myself 11. I bowled a good deal. [I was not captain.] Went to the net. Had a chill-off bath at home at 7.0.: bad cold. 1st XI., vide 'Cliftonian.' We were licked by an innings and 10 runs. H. 2 and 0.

Nothing is said about Booker, who made 9 and 1. The 9 was top score. Perhaps this accounts for the omission, as Booker was the supplanter. It was a miserable match, for the winners only made 98. I think this must have been the wettest year on record, for I observe in the *Cliftonian*, to which we are referred for the painful details of this *Sedan*, that Oakeley's Eleven contains the names of six who afterwards played for the school, and of four who got their Twenty-two colours. The only other name is that of R. A. F. Marter, a very amiable fellow, who

joined the Rifle Brigade, served in Burmah, and died of fever at Moradabad in 1889.

The curious in cricket matters will note with amusement that K. J. Key, who went in last for Oakeley's, was at this time a bowler, and was played as a bowler only. He took ten of our wickets. He had not long come up from the Junior School, and was in the Upper Third. He afterwards became a Double Blue at Oxford, where he broke no less than three cricket records, and was chosen as secretary of the O.U.C.C. when Brain was captain, and later was for several years captain of Surrey. He had the highest average for Surrey in 1887, when it was champion county. Considering that neither Carey nor Lyon ever played for their University, although they were such heroes to the small fry, I find it hard to imagine what Brain and Key must have seemed to their juniors. Perhaps one of the fags kept a diary in 1883. For this defeat Brain avenged himself later upon Oakeley's. At the end of his innings against them of 193 (not out) in a later year (1882), they carried him shoulder high into the pavilion, conferring upon him an honour only once before accorded to a Clifton boy. While an undergraduate at Oxford, he obtained the highest

average in the Gloucestershire Eleven in 1886, W. G. Grace being second. As I have said, he was captain of Oxford in 1887. He and Key lodged together in High Street, and used to have delicious toasted buns for tea from Cooper's. . . .

The rain continued, and cricket, varied by bat-fives, was carried on under depressing conditions. Brown's Second XI. made 106 (June 11) against us. My carefully compiled 8 (**Cock score**) apparently **just saved the innings by one run, and did not go on.**

The Cheltenham Match so eagerly looked for, and watched with such intense anxiety, was played at Cheltenham on the 13th and 14th. Dryland went with the Eleven. Harrison won the toss, and put in our opponents on a spongy wicket. Telegrams came saying that we had got them out for 48, and had made 5 runs for 1 wicket, when the game was stopped by a thunderstorm, which prevented play till five o'clock. When play ceased for the day, we had made 53 for 1 wicket, and the school went to bed happy.

I bowled to Douglas and Harris for three-quarters of an hour. This was pleasing. W. J. Harris had been playing for the Eleven in earlier

matches, and D. F. Douglas also was in the Twenty-two. **Read 'Verdant Green.'**

Douglas was in Grenfell's, then a 'Small House' forming a part of the South Town. The conception of the United House, which combined all the Small Houses, and largely reduced the numerical strength of the Towns, was not yet. The boys in Heymann's House were included in the North Town, and so were those in Moor's and Carter's. Twenty-two of our seventy-seven (House List, Lent Term, 1879) were in Small Houses. They were of no use to us, and we were glad when they disappeared. They had really nothing to do with the 'Town' system at all, and were out of touch with us. With the exception of the Jews in Heymann's House, they were generally small boys waiting to get into the larger boarding-houses; and we often used to complain that, when these youngsters were becoming teachable, and likely to do us credit, they joined the enemy, and played effectively against us. J. H. Fox has been already mentioned as an instance. After he had left us he got his Cap and Eleven, and also won a place in the Gymnasium Eight. It was very like treachery. I met him in the wilds of Norway, after an interval of twenty years, and told him so. . . .

R. E. Whitehead was one of the exceptions, to this extent—that he won three prizes for us at the Athletic Sports before migrating to the School House. M. R. Currie was also an exception.

Saturday 14th.—Telegrams came from Cheltenham, and an uneasy feeling got about that we might after all be beaten for the first time. We hoped against hope until the last news came, and in the evening the returning team found only the gloom of the deserted Close and buildings to welcome them. How different had been, and was to be again, that return from Cheltenham! In 1877 we had met A. H. Evans and his greatly victorious Eleven after lock-up in the College Road, taken the horses out of their brake, and dragged it to the College gates. We had then bodily carried the Eleven home—even Saxton. And, again, in 1883, when we came back—— But that, as a modern writer says, is another story.

Cheltenham Match. We made 53 for 1, and 95 for 10. They made 118, we made 52, and so were licked by 19 runs! Disgraceful!

The details were made public next day. The match was won on the stroke of time, W. Hoste being bowled by a shooter, the last ball of the last over. I note that Hoste, of Oakeley's, who

was also a Cap, had once been in the North Town (Watson's, then a Small House). Notwithstanding our defeat, one performance stands out still—Reynolds took 13 wickets for 50 runs.

The usual lessons are noted, with an 'Exam.' on the 16th. Howler, and the usual toothache. Also a 'row' between the Form Master and a prominent cricketer, which caused some sensation. I remember it all very vividly, and the Headmaster's firmness; but it is too long a story to tell.

18th.—Wiseman's won their House Match against Watson's by 2 wickets; Poyser 34 not out. This makes us a House higher—6th instead of 7th if Watson's had beaten us. [We were really equal fifth.]

On the 19th, gleams of the coming Commem. shine across the page. **Pile, O. C., and Nevvy Fox (E. L.) are down, and Lyon is coming. Match against Woolwich Set, 1st XI. I played sub. for Trevor** [this was apparently H. Trevor in my Form]; **δὴ he is working??? I had no catches, and did not go in.**

E. L. Fox, already mentioned, and his uncle, Herbert Fox, the University College and Somersetshire cricketer, now a Fellow and Tutor at

Brasenose, had been in the Sixth Form in Dakyns's House together. Hence the nickname.

Friday, 20th.—Half-holiday. Old Cliftonian Match. Two elevens. They licked us in an innings, first eleven, and we beat their second eleven by 7 wickets.

No mention is made of the more famous Old Cliftonians, who made up a truly formidable side. No wonder they made 240, of which Fairbanks, an Old Cliftonian Master, provided 112; for besides him there were C. Haynes, who had batted at Lord's with one hand in 1877, Gribble (58), Herbert Fox, J. A. Bush, Lyon, and E. L. Richardson, a member of Evans's Eleven, and the oldest of the 'Polar Bears.'

Saturday, 21st.—Commemoration. Chapel 10. Canon Butler, Harrow [now Master of Trinity]. Then follows a note about the Woolwich Set Match, which is unintelligible. **Rug. Close. French** [*i.e.*, French cricket]. **Ices. Reception** [in Big School after the supper]. **Toothache.** Whether this was the result of the ices, the rug on the damp ground, or the supper, is not stated. All the boys 'above the Fifth' were allowed to attend the supper in the Gymnasium, where G. W. Rundall took the chair.

Commemoration was a great joy. We had three half-holidays on consecutive days, a Foreign Match, the never-failing interest of Old Cliftonian visitors, and a general atmosphere of festivity. The Chapel Service impressed even the dullest, and its never-to-be-forgotten anthem stirred us like the sound of many trumpets. In 1879 there was no aisle, and the congregation was a crowded one. All old boys who had been in the Sixth claimed a prescriptive right to sit in the back row by the pulpit, with inconvenient results. The Headmaster read the Service, and the solo of the anthem was sung by one of the junior boys in the choir. Under the experienced hands of Mr. Trimnell, who had already done fifteen years' work, and was to remain for seventeen years longer as Music Master, the organ pealed forth the familiar hymns, and reminded the old boys, as it still reminds them, of earlier and less anxious days. I need make no apology for printing here the words of the unchanged anthem, responsible as they are for much that is good in our corporate life:

'*Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His great power from the beginning.*

'*Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men*

renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding and declaring prophecies. Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions. All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

'There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. And some there be that have no memorial: who are perished, as though they had never been, and are become as though they had never been born.

'But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. With their seed shall remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes. Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace: but their name liveth for evermore. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.'—Eccles. xliv.

The familiar words lifted us for a moment above the trivialities of ordinary life, and dignified our existence in some mysterious way which the best of us could but dimly understand. The feeling wore off in the Close, but its effect was more lasting than we thought.

I did not attend the Supper—the Old Cliftonians were much handier with the cricket-bat than the speech—but I went with numerous friends to the Reception given by the ladies of the College in Big School.

Monday, 23rd.—I did 2 frightful proses—one when I had the toothache, and the other when I had wasted three-fifths of the time putting it into Greek first. . . . House net; and pick-up in the evening. . . .

The entries for the remainder of the week show details of Form Matches, visits to the swimming-baths, scholarship awards, a House game—*Classical v. Modern*—new cricket 'colours,' work, and books read—'The Doctor's Dilemma' and 'The Old Curiosity Shop'—H.'s shooting scores, and small sundries. The weather was uniformly wet, and June came to an end in **torrents.**

JULY

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with joy.—Ps. CXXVI. 2.

CRICKET still employed all the energy we could spare from Verses and Plato, but every day is noted as being wet, and for those who rested their hopes on batting it must have been a sore trial.

Thursday, 3rd. — Wet. Match against Asquith's Lower Fifth. I made 21, c. and b. Rathbone. [H. R., recently Liberal Candidate for Liverpool and a member of the City Council.] **2nd score. Brain, P. C. Smith, and F. B. May were on Big Side. Horridly wet. I got neuralgia, and had it badly all the evening. House Net. . . .**

Friday, 4th. — Sherborne Match. Wet. Ground sloppy. We went in. Johnston 50, Vizard 5, Bradshaw 19, Cooper 5, Pinhey 43, Carey 55, Harrison 29, Reynolds 11, Carstairs

24 in 7 hits, Hoste not out, Richardson [W. P.] not out. Total, 276 for 9 wickets. Carey and Harrison played in splendid style, Sherborne fielding splendid. 10 bowlers were put on. . . .

Saturday, 5th.—Hoste 33, Richardson 12 not out. They both got their Elevens. Sherborne made 60 in the first inns. and 57 in their second, and our total was 304, winning by an inns. and 187 runs. Our Form Match against Asquith's went on, May 50 not out, Brain nearly 40 not out. 2 wickets down. House net 2 innings. . . .

L. V. Lester and E. W. Bastard were playing for Sherborne. Our total was 305. Johnston, acting captain, took 11 wickets for 52 runs. He had a wonderful break back from leg and a characteristic swing of the arm, which many of us tried to imitate, especially at the nets.

There was one thing the rain could not spoil, the Swimming Races, which were decided on the 7th and 9th. The longest race was 12 lengths of the big bath, and the other event of interest was the object dive for plates.

Monday, 7th.—Swimming Races. 12 lengths: (1) Black Kent, (2) Blakiston; (1) Swinburne, (2) St. Hill; (1) Rose, (2) Ogilvy. Dive: Edwards

14, Baker (Chops) 14, Horne 21, Fry 18, O'Donnell 4, Kent (White) 20, McLorg 13, Skipworth 20. I was kept in to learn Spenser Repetition, 3 stanzas, for not attending, but was let off when I nearly knew one, and was in time for the races (Mr. Irwin). 6.0. I am in the first House Eleven again. Brain 22 not out. O'Donnell 17 not out. 39 for no wicket against Dakyns's. . . .

'Black' Kent and 'White' Kent were brothers, and both remarkably fine swimmers. The former won the 6 Lengths Race for those under 16, beating MacTier. Swinburne won the open event on the 9th, and there was an amusing obstacle race —**vide pamphlet**, says the diary. The rescue of a drowning dummy was not then on the list.

Swinburne, who was eight years in the school, joined the East Lancashire Regiment, and died of fever in India. H. V. Kent is a Sapper. St. Hill, who had just got his Twenty-two, and ultimately won the Athletic Sports Challenge Cup, was a New Zealander. Baker, A., better known as 'Chops,' gave up Balliol and the Indian Civil Service for work in the Salvation Army, and afterwards became a Professor of Philosophy. Horne,

W. O., who won the Object Dive, went to India in the Civil Service.

The Third Drawing of the House Matches had taken place, and Brain had evidently seen the error of his ways. H., who was devoting himself with great success to shooting, disappeared from the team, to which I had returned. We had no chance against Dakyns's, who won by 10 wickets. The following does not awaken the echoes of memory:

Tuesday, 8th.—Very wet. Dried after 1.30. House Matches 3.15, vide next 'Cliftonian.' I made 5, c. Johnston b. Pinhey. Pinhey bowled 3 wides, a straight ball, I was caught off the next, and Younghusband missed by Haggard off the next but one. Then Johnston bowled Holmes with a grub for 28. Total, 116. . . . Average in House Matches, $\frac{3+2+6}{3}=3\frac{2}{3}$. . . .

Jack Haggard entered the Royal Regiment of Artillery, and was earning golden opinions as a Captain, when he died in India in 1891, to the great regret of all who knew him. He got his Eleven in 1880. Pinhey, who was First into Sandhurst, joined the Indian Staff Corps.

Brain took the wicket in this match. He was

always an excellent wicket-keeper. He was given his Second Eleven colours afterwards. This reminds me of a curious rule, which may, for all I know, be still in force. All members of the School Eleven retained their colours with a prescriptive right next year to play for the school on all occasions, and the old members of the Twenty-two, or Third Eleven, also retained all their rights; but the Second Eleven resigned their colours at the end of the season, and at the beginning of the following summer term only counted as members of the Twenty-two. The light blue trimmings on their white flannel coats (which alone distinguished the Second Eleven from the Third) were removed, and only replaced when they were again gazetted to the Second Eleven.

Another anomaly was that whereas cricketers in the Eleven ranked by seniority, those in the Twenty-two ranked by their school places, like the Football Caps; and, *per contra*, Eleven colours were given orally, like Caps, whereas 'Second Elevens' and 'Twenty-twos' were 'given' by a notice signed by the captain of the Eleven and posted in the 'old' cloisters.

All athletic distinctions, regardless of these niceties, were publicly announced at the next

House Meeting following the actual giving of the colours, and when we heard cheers in Brown's or Dakyns's as we trudged homeward, we always knew exactly who and what was being celebrated, except in the case of Caps, which were 'given' in the House after the gates were shut. 'Caps' were not school distinctions at all. Thus, on the first occasion, when the North Town met after the morning of June 6, which would be either the same evening or the following Monday, Mr. Wollaston read prayers, and as soon as the last words were finished the head of the House said solemnly: 'Brain has got his Twenty-two,' which you may be sure we knew very well. Everybody then clapped loudly, and Brain blushed furiously, and wished it over.

I suppose I shall never forget the joy of the moment when I learnt that I was promoted to the Twenty-two, though I have no recollection whatever of the congratulations of the House Meeting. There were four vacancies, and Schmitz, a tall wicket-keeper in Watson's, who died nearly twenty years ago, told me that, on a calculation of chances, both he and I might be included in the final list. Up to that time I had not expected it at all, but when we saw the Eleven enter the

pavilion for a formal conclave, I confess that I got very excited. After a suitable interval the great men strolled leisurely up to the parapet, and one whom I knew well gave me a quiet wink, while another simply shook hands without saying anything; so I had no need to wait until the list was posted by Vizard. Schmitz was also successful.

Foreign Match against Somerset. They made 84. We made 117—Johnston 46, Kent 25. They have made 111 for 8 wickets—A. D. Greene 50, A. H. Evans 0—0. H. went shooting, and made 53 and 58, and had tea at Bedminster. . . .

The Somersetshire Match was a pleasant one, as four Old Cliftonians were playing against us, and the great Evans in person led the foe. New boys heard with receptive eagerness how the captain of the county team was the sole living instance of a boy having been put into the School Eleven without having had his Twenty-two colours first; how he had run, played football, swum, bowled, and batted; how he had gone to Oxford with a scholarship, and had already achieved a 'First' and a Double Blue; how he had broken a boy's arm in a School Match, and become a demon bowler, who was a terror to professionals and

Cambridge bats; how in the generosity of his strength he had bowled 'lobs' only against the Twenty-two in 1877 in the Eleven and Twenty-two Match. All this and much more was spoken of round the Close when Harrison and Reynolds bowled the great man for 'a pair of spectacles,' and all his fast deliveries glanced harmlessly from the resolute bats of Johnston and Pinhey.

Their first wicket fell for 51, but 6 were down for 56. Harrison took 8 wickets for 19 runs, incidentally bowling Greene for 0. Greene was one of the safest bats ever seen in the Close, and was, at any rate at this time, a better bat than Evans. It seems unnecessary to state that both afterwards captained Oxford, and played much county cricket.

H.'s 58 at Bedminster, though only made in practice, was a colossal score, which no one who has never used a Snider rifle can properly appreciate. Some idea of the difficulty of shooting with it at the longer range, 500 yards, may be gathered from the fact that in a match at Marlborough, at which I was present in later years, almost, if not quite, every shot fired was aimed off the target altogether. With a Martini, not used until four years afterwards, and now itself

obsolete, it was always possible to 'find the spot' on the target itself, whatever the wind was. With the Snider 50 was a good score on any day for anyone, except the best of the Wimbledon Eight.

Saturday, 12th.—Somersetshire Match. Wet a little. They made a total of 129. We made the requisite 98 for 2 wickets—Bradshaw 9, Vizard 0, Johnston 57 not out, Pinhey 22 not out. Began Form Match against the Sixth Second Eleven, but only played 10 minutes. Carstairs and Bradshaw have got their First Eleven colours. Latin verses. Read 'Sketches by Boz'. . . .

The 'requisite 98' gave us a brilliant victory, partly due to Reynolds having bowled six wickets for 29 in their second innings, and, of course, to Johnston's 46 and 57 not out.

The moment the last ball was bowled the school swarmed over the Close, whitewashed creases, pitched stumps, and set to work to play Form Matches, until even the most enthusiastic were driven home by rain. One can imagine the buzz of gossip that went round. The School Eleven was now definitely filled up, and the merits of Bradshaw, Carstairs, and Kent—who

was left out, but played at Lord's instead of Carstairs—were critically canvassed. Bradshaw had played many times more than Carstairs for the school. I think he played occasionally during three years, and no one grudged him the success for which he had waited so long. Carstairs was a flashing meteor. On May 28 he was not even in the Twenty-two; on July 12 he was in the Eleven. What makes this still more remarkable is that his highest score for the school was his 24 against Sherborne, and his average was *under* eight. He was a fine field, however, and possessed in a higher degree than anyone else that indefinable quality which, for want of a better word, we call 'style.' Although he had not much to show for it, he was generally recognised as one of the best half-dozen cricketers in the school.

Sunday, 13th.—Another of those brief, pregnant notes so full of charm and meaning: **Wet. H. stayed out, undergoing repairs.**

Monday, 14th.— . . . Water! water! everywhere! and none of it useful for purposes of imbibation or thirst quenching. Swimming Races. [Third day, full details given.] **Played French with Crook.** This means that we got a bat and a ball, and bowled to each other *ambu-*

lando, the batsman going out if the ball passed him, or if he was caught. Crook was nearly at the top of my Form, and his good-nature sufficiently appears from the following grateful entry: **Kept in by Mr. Irwin, and had to do unseen. Crook helped me. History. Net. Baths. 'Boz.' Mathematics. The fat little pink man. I went to Mr. Irwin for the reading prize with Wedemeyer and Swinburne, but read too fast.**

Vaulting ambition o'erleaped itself. Mr. Irwin gave the candidates some good advice, I remember. We read to him in his private room, one at a time.

On the 15th and 16th the House Match against Dakyns's went on, and, but for our complete breakdown in the second innings, might have proved exciting. All the individual scores are entered. Six 'ducks' and a total of 40, and **Brown's licked Watson's in an innings. South Town 6 colours all out for one run. Wiseman's may win.** [They did not.] **Dakyns's licked us by 10 wickets. Read 'Kenelm Chillingly.' Welch: shooting colours.**

W. G. Welch, who was in the North Town, and helped us to win the House Fours in 1881, is a solicitor. He got our Form Prize this term, and

was three years in the Wimbledon Eight. He won the Average Cup one year.

On the 18th we seem to have had another House Match, this time against the South Town. Individual scores ruled small on both sides, and we lost by 7 wickets. O'Donnell and Marshall again took all their wickets but one, except those run out. Carstairs for the South Town made the only decent score, 31; whether in three hits or more is not stated.

Twenty-two, Wilson [T. C. in the Indian Civil Service], **Martensz, O'Donnell, Wheeler; 2nd Eleven, Wood** [R.], **Evershed** [W., captain of the School Eleven in 1882].

Two notes on the 18th may be referred to. One records the usual Form Match: **I made 8, l.b.w. b. Read. The ball broke nearly a yard.** Then follows *the name of the umpire*, which I withhold. Umpires should really be more careful. No one knows how many diaries may be bursting with indignation at their casual decisions.

The other note is hardly intelligible as it stands: **Spenser. Mackenzie's 'Lucifera.'** But it recalls a brilliant pen-and-ink drawing by a member of our Form, J. D. D. Mackenzie, who is now an artist, with an address at Newlyn. It

was drawn with great freedom and a wonderful amount of 'go.' I can think of no other word which quite expresses the swing of the composition. It illustrated a scene in the 'Faery Queen,' and we all wished to possess it. I believe that it was given to the Form Master at his own request.

Drawing was neglected at Clifton in 1879, and the realm of art was as far off as the Sahara, and as little known. It is always difficult to encourage studies at school which do not pay, and are not inherently popular. The only kind of drawing that was seriously taught was Mechanical Drawing, which was said to be a useful accomplishment for those who had a military career in view. Colonel E. C. Plant, who commanded the 2nd Gloucester Engineer Volunteers for so many years, was the teacher of Perspective, Freehand, Geometrical, Mechanical, and Engineering Drawing, assisted by his brother, Mr. A. U. Plant. The former was remarkable for the devotion and tact with which he managed the Cadet Corps from its formation until his death, which forestalled a very handsome testimonial, and both gentlemen were no doubt fully competent to perform all their duties, but no encouragement

was given to art. Mackenzie's drawing was all the more remarkable as it was spontaneous. I doubt if there were many boys in the school who knew that it was not an 'etching.' Some of the Masters had photographs of antiques, but those boys who had heard of Botticelli probably thought, like the young man in *Punch*, that it was a cheese. Cliftonians were Philistine to the last degree.

An explanation of this may be found in the strenuous competition that existed everywhere. Even games which were not school games were looked upon with great disfavour. Of hockey I have already spoken. Lawn-tennis was classed with it as effeminate. 'Colours' and 'marks' were paramount. It was no use doing anything that did not count towards one or the other. Even shooting was never popular. It was thought better to be in the first thirty-three cricketers or football players than in the Wimbledon Eight, though in the larger world the estimate may have been different. The summit of ambition was to be in the Eleven, and, next to that, the Sixth.

Monday, 21st.—The last week of term opened with 'exams.,' the details of which would be very tedious in the present century. Some comic answers to questions in an Old Testament paper,

Modern Side, are given, but they will not bear the light of day. Some 'papers' were **not so hard as I expected,** and the number of Latin verses constructed, with infinite labour and ingenuity in turning over a small stock of goods, is given. One of the verses for which I was not responsible was this:

'We knew the merry world was round.'
Mundum jucundum cognovimus esse rotundum.

A classical friend tells me that this is amusing. I have tried to avoid dragging in other people's howlers, but one is more than I can resist:

'The town mouse invited the country mouse.'
Urbs mus invitavit rum mum.

Even the alchemists could hardly miss the point of that.

But the real interest in life was still cricket. All the scores in the House Match are set out in detail in the diary, and it seems to have taken an unconscionably long time to play, for it went on every day this week, including both half-holidays, before Call-over, so that altogether it was played on seven days. There are very few comments, though another umpire is put in the pillory: **Harrison (H. C. V.) given out by** [the

umpire], **though he never moved his bat after being given centre!**

We were **licked by 7 wickets**, the South Town being fourth in the final order, and the North Town sharing fifth place with Brown's.

This was only moderate, but there was a good time coming. I may mention here that in other schools, according to the best of my information, the Town boys have no cohesion and no *esprit de corps*. When three North Town boys were playing for the school against Cheltenham four years later, they were told by one of their opponents that no Cheltenham home-boarder had ever played for that school, and that the whole undivided number of about 150 could not compete on equal terms with any of the boarding-houses. We found great difficulty in believing this.

On the 21st Mr. and Mrs. Wollaston entertained the House Eleven at supper. They took the greatest personal interest in every individual, as is shown by the fact that on this evening they learnt that we were going to the Lakes, and hunted up a lot of photographs for us to look at. Mr. Wollaston was a keen geologist, and well acquainted with the Lake district.

The 25th was almost like summer, and **Hot weather** is for the first time mentioned.

On the 26th the 'House' were photographed. Faded prints may still be seen, with Brain and O'Donnell in their 'Twenty-two' hats, and the whiskered Head in a prominent place in the foreground. Lock-up was an hour later than the usual 7.30. The term was dying out.

The diary tells us that the School House was Cock House and Watson's bottom, easily defeated by ten wickets by our old foes, Wiseman's, but no mention is made of the visit of the Shooting Eight to Wimbledon to compete for the Ashburton Shield and Spencer Cup. They were not expected to win, and their failure (they were sixth) perhaps seemed scarcely worth recording in the diary. Not even *vide Cliftonian*. Reynolds made 56, and won the Average Cup with an average of 51. Both the Threlfalls were in the team. The younger, W., was a botanist, who intended to study market-gardening practically, when he was drowned in the Tigris in 1888. The elder, R., a Cambridge Blue for Rugby Football, and a man of great personal strength, showed also exceptional ability at an early age in experimental Physics, and became Professor at Sydney, N.S.W.

He once brought back to school some large and powerful lenses which he had ground himself. He left the School House to become head of Watson's.

On Monday the 28th some Prizes were announced, the successes of various friends being noted, H. dividing the Scholarship Prize, Lower Bench, with A. W. Jose, afterwards Scholar of Balliol, and a schoolmaster in Australia.

Baths (beastly). 2-4 Repetition. I got 27. I said it.

At the end of every term there was a severe examination in all the Repetition which we had learnt, and the rule was that if you failed to get one-third of the maximum 100 marks, you had to stay and 'say it,' even if it took you all the holidays. But Mr. Irwin was a merciful man, and I soon 'said it.'

Read 'When the Tide was High' and 'Cassell's Magazine.'

Tuesday, 29th.—Holidays. List, 8.45. This was to enable the school to get away early. What a night some of the Masters must have had! **H. was 2nd, Heaton top.** This was on the Lower Bench. The gods on the Upper Bench were immovable, and not subject to the grosser temptations of competition.

G. Heaton obtained a Scholarship and a First at Oxford, all the Prizes at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and holds important Hospital appointments in Birmingham, his native place.

Chapel (no sermon). Prizes. H.'s not bound —i.e., Grote's 'Plato.' A prize not in the regulation 'tree calf' seemed no prize at all.

The strain being relaxed, we lay in hammocks, **went to Clifton, ate ices at 'Pomeroy's,'** and played cricket on the Downs. The wicket was execrable; but you must play cricket somewhere, and the game was no longer allowed in the Close. At a later date we broke through this restriction, and organised a grand match for the first two days of the holidays, but I fancy that the experiment was never repeated.

Several very important members of the school left this term, whose names will be very familiar to those who have been sufficiently interested to follow me so far in this dry recital of domestic events. There was always a certain melancholy about the end of the summer term, and we who lived in Clifton felt the change more than those who hurried away by the early trains. Besides those already mentioned, Heath, Cookson, Turner, Gray, Dance, Kent, and Newham heard their names

read out for the first and last time by Mr. Wilson, and took their way into the outer world, where they have all done credit to the name of Clifton. T. L. Heath was a prodigy of learning when I first knew him at a small boys' school in Lincolnshire, where he recited the whole of 'The Falls of Lodore' without a single mistake, the only living person, I believe, who could have performed such a feat. He obtained a prize of five shillings, which was offered in vain to any other boy who would do the same. The many fail, the one succeeds. He belonged to an exceptionally clever family, his elder brother, R. S. Heath, now Principal of Mason College, Birmingham, having been Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Second Wrangler, with many distinctions at London University, after being for two years at Clifton. The younger of the two—head of the school when Mr. Wilson arrived—had an even more distinguished career. The mere enumeration of his scholarships and prizes and University Honours would serve to stimulate any particularly brilliant boy if it did not drive him to despair. I gather from his published works that such leisure as is allowed by the duties of a Treasury Private Secretary has been devoted to the study of *Greek*

Algebra and *Conic Sections*. Christopher Cookson, the eldest of the five Cookson brothers, declined an Exhibition at Balliol, became a Scholar of Corpus, Oxford, and, after being honourably mentioned for the Hertford Scholarship (a University Prize for Latin), won the Gaisford Greek Verse Prize. He was for ten years most successful as Sixth-Form Master at St. Paul's School, and then returned to Oxford as Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College. He was head of the South Town. H. H. Turner, who entered the school at the same time, succeeded Dr. Pritchard as Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford ten years ago. Like R. S. Heath, he was Second Wrangler and a Fellow of Trinity, with many academical distinctions of all kinds. He was a Cap in Dakyns's House. The Rev. A. St. J. Gray, like Bradshaw, became a Master at his old school, returning home from the Headmastership of the King's School, Paramatta. While at school he won a Demyship at Magdalen, and, like Cookson, a First in Moderations and a Second in Greats. He left Clifton to become Headmaster of Malvern College, where he remained for five years. He also, like Turner, was in Dakyns's House.

C. B. R. Kent, the author of 'Essays in Politics,'

'The English Radicals,' etc., was in Dunn's, afterwards Wiseman's, went to Trinity, Oxford, and was called to the Bar. He won the Lees Prize at Gray's Inn. A. Newham, 'Papa,' who had been at school with the Heaths before he came to Clifton as a scholar in 1877, won an Exhibition at St. John's College, Cambridge, passed out as Sixteenth Wrangler, and went to Sydney University as Mathematical Lecturer. In the colony he was called to the Bar, and practises.

G. W. Dance, who had been Head of the North Town, had left it for Mr. Watson's. The Register is misleading in saying 'Wiseman, Watson,' but the difficulties which arise from constantly changing the names of the Houses might well puzzle even the unrivalled knowledge and experience of the compiler of that volume. Dance, one of the handsomest boys in the school, went to Cambridge as an Exhibitioner of Trinity Hall, and passed fourth into the Indian Civil Service.

He was sent by the Madras Government on a special mission to the Laccadives in 1887, where he obtained distinction by his tact and presence of mind in dealing with the islanders. He was afterwards for some years Collector of Malabar with such success that a public memorial is to be

erected to him. A Madras paper spoke of him as 'an almost ideal District Officer,' who had 'earned the gratitude of three millions of people.'

The reputation of the school was safe in the hands of those who left in 1879.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

So far as they were spent at home, the holidays seem to have been passed in a very prosaic fashion. The diary was faithfully kept, occasionally in pencil, but the acts and deeds recorded are not sufficiently connected with the school to be worth the trouble of disinterment. We visited all the Swimming Baths within reach, bought flies for fishing in the Lakes, played croquet and lawn-tennis, went by steamer to Cumberland Basin from Hot Wells, visited the City Museum, and played cricket everywhere and with everybody, including girls. Early in August we joined the Cooksons at a little inn on Ulleswater, and spent three very pleasant weeks there, fishing and making expeditions. After some visits to friends, we returned home and resumed the ordinary round: bicycle rides, cricket on the Downs, fives, baths, card games, bagatelle, chemical experiments, visits to the Zoo and dentist, and

Holiday Task—Homer. The School Racquet Court was pulled down, and three new fives courts built on the site. They were gloomy, and the walls were not so good as in 'New Right' and 'New Left.' Others were long afterwards built on the site of Dr. Percival's stables. It is also mentioned that Mr. Grenfell's room was **fresh panelled and inlaid with photos.** I remember the smell of the varnish. Books read: 'Tales of all Countries,' 'Pickwick,' *Boy's Own Paper*, 'Lothair,' Thackeray's 'Burlesques,' 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'Dropped from the Clouds,' 'The Mysterious Island,' and Miller's 'Chemistry,' borrowed from Mr. Wollaston.

My brother spent some of his spare time in writing during his last years at school, and though not anxious, as some young writers are, for publication, and not valuing the admiration of a younger brother very highly, was induced to send verses occasionally to the *Cliftonian*, of which both of us were in due time Editors. Once or twice I 'perpetrated' some atrocious verses myself, but wild horses would not drag from me a clue to their identity. Of those rejected I feel less tender.

A lugubrious set about the Seasons was returned to me by one of the Editors with what he con-

sidered 'improvements.' The lines which appeared in the original are printed in italics:

THE SEASONS.

Oh! which is the best of the seasons:
Winter or budding spring,
Autumn or golden summer?
Which does most pleasure bring?

The spring is cold from the winter's snow,
Its winds are infernally cold:
Showers and sunshine, lumbago,
Rheumatics and coughs untold.

Mournful is the mellow autumn—
So, in truth, is all decay;
And potatoes, when you've bought 'em,
Often rot, and do not pay.

Winter, season of frost and snow,
Plum-pudding and yuletide cakes,
Is the cold old age of the passing year,
Of bile and of stomach-aches.

Which can compare with the summer,
When gooseberries are ripe,
And men can forget the plumber,
The frost and the busted pipe?

Then they forget November,
With its drenching, drizzling fogs;
Then they remember only
Dust and maddened dogs.

They see the rise of the golden sun,
And the sweat trickles down like a tear.
Sez 'Arry, sez 'e, 'It must be near one:
'Tommy, pass I that bottle o' beer.'

F. S. Cooper, at this time a Scholar in the Upper Fifth, afterwards became one of the editors, and wrote a very pungent criticism of 'Rejected Poetry' in the *Cliftonian;* but his chief title to literary fame was his 'History of Balbus and Caius,' evolved from the biographical fragments which are to be found in the early exercise books. He was a younger brother of H. S. Cooper (sometime a Master at Newcastle-under-Lyme Grammar School, and now Headmaster of the Grammar School at Lichfield) and was himself also a schoolmaster for some years before he adopted the Bar as a profession. He was a Scholar of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

SEPTEMBER

'*Is not every meanest day the conflux of two Eternities?*'
CARLYLE.

Saturday, 20th.—School. I am left 6th. 98 new fellows. French cricket. Rode bone-shaker. . . .

The entries for the first week were very meagre. There was not the novelty of a new Form or a new diary to inspire me.

Thursday, 25th.—French. 1 mark out of 27. Fives. Sharp and I versus Nigger Marshall and Hatherell. . . .

French 'above the Fifth' was voluntary, and those who cared to attend were able to add a few marks to their week's total in return for their industry. I recollect that after this fiasco I consulted my Form Master, who advised that the game was not worth the candle, in which I heartily concurred. Mr. Carter must have despaired of

me, and no wonder. After one or two more lessons I gracefully retired. A new chemistry master taught us before passing on his way to other walks in life. He appears not to have been a striking success, though I cannot interpret the first criticism: **He doesn't credit us with much sense.** Now, at any rate, I credit him with a good deal, if only for that one fact. The second is more luminous: **He actually did 2 experiments. Oxygen burnt in Hydrogen.** [October 29.]

Having since that time had to perform the fascinating experiment myself before a critical audience, I feel more sympathy for him. If he was to compete with such lecturers as Dr. Tilden and Professor A. M. Worthington he had a hard row to hoe.

Nash came and stayed tea. H. spoke at Debate.

S. H. Nash, one of the most pathetic figures that ever crossed the Clifton stage, was now Head of the School, Heaton being second. The others promoted to the Upper Bench have all been mentioned already. The last was Ted Hobart, who obtained his position a few weeks later by winning his Oxford Scholarship. All boys who were elected to Open Scholarships at Oxford or

Cambridge were immediately placed on the Upper Bench beyond the reach of competition.

Nash remained Head of the School for two years, except for one term when he was away, and during the first year did not 'take his Cap,' as was the almost invariable custom for the Head of the School, who was *ex-officio* captain of football. In the second year he took it, but was physically unfit for Big Side Matches, which must always have been a misery to him. His pluck and devotion to duty were far beyond his strength.

He was a shy, nervous fellow, and must have suffered tortures when he had to address the whole assembled school, as he did on one occasion when the Sixth thought that the Spartan code of manners hitherto enforced was in danger of relaxation. Some Form or House had cheered or shouted in the Close when they should only have clapped, I think, and Nash decided that it was his duty to deliver a solemn warning. He did this in Big School, and was not very well heard. One audacious phrase that he used was often repeated afterwards, but is too intimately connected with another excellent school to bear repetition in print. The whole business was very solemn, and to those inclined to scoff at our rigid

rules must have seemed a trifle ridiculous. But the figure of the Head of the School stands out of it with credit. A disagreeable thing had got to be done, and must be done by him alone. He must lay aside the claims of self, and sacrifice his mental feelings on the same altar on which he had already offered his physical ones.

He was in the South Town, and used to come to our house frequently to discuss matters of high policy, in conclaves to which, of course, I was not admitted. He came to talk over the great question of his Cap. Should he 'take it,' and perchance kill himself on Big Side, as I dare say the doctor predicted? If he did not take it, where could he play? No one ever heard of the Head of the School playing on First Little Side, which was the utmost to which his merits entitled him, and not to play at all was out of the question. In the end he compromised, postponed his Cap for a year, resigning the captaincy to Heaton, and played football as one of the captains of Second Big Side, H. being the other.

In September, 1880, the question arose again, and Nash took his Cap, as I have said, and played on First Big Side, but he was not fit for it. His brilliant qualities as a scholar more than entitled

him to the Open Exhibition at Balliol which he won the next year, and he easily obtained a First in Moderations. Then he broke down, and read for a Pass. He had two recreations to beguile the time which was not needed for examinations which he could have passed with ease three years before he left school—I mean Music and Chess. Of his musical capacity I am not competent to speak, but I understand that he was exceptionally gifted. As a chess player he probably ranked amongst the first few amateurs in England. He played for Oxford, and was President-elect of the University Club, when he suddenly died in March, 1885. The pathos of his life was that he had not sufficient strength to develop and use his very exceptional talents.

The only other chess player of the first rank who was educated at Clifton was W. H. K. Pollock, who lived to be more famous than Nash, but also died comparatively young in 1896. He won the championship in Canada, and took part in many tournaments.

One of Nash's shy, curious speeches comes back to me. In common with all the boys 'above the Fifth,' I was one day summoned to a meeting in the Library of all those who had the privilege of

using it. Nash, the Head of the School, flushed and rather embarrassed, took the chair, which he occupied as Speaker during School Debates, and announced that certain Library books had been mutilated, and that the mischief had obviously been done by somebody present. He explained the seriousness of the offence, with his eyes on the floor and every nerve tense, and concluded by saying something to this effect: 'I shall not tell you his name. And for three reasons. First, I do not wish to hand him down to imperishable infamy; secondly, he might be rather roughly handled in getting to the door; and, thirdly—I do not know it.' No one laughed, but it was very *bizarre*, and we solemnly filed out.

At the Debate on September 27 H. was a member of the 'Government,' which moved, and lost by 27 votes to 18, a resolution to the effect that 'this House strongly disapproves of the policy of Her Majesty's Government in Afghanistan.' C. Cannan, a former Head of the School, and at this time an Oxford undergraduate, who had won a Scholarship at Corpus and a First in Moderations, assisted the losing side. He afterwards became Fellow, Tutor, and Dean of Trinity (Oxford), and now manages the Clarendon Press.

Up to this time the Debates had been regular weekly events, but it was now settled that they should take place fortnightly, owing, I suppose, to the difficulty of getting enough speakers. There were no House Debates as yet.

Tuesday, September 30.—Half-holiday. This was the beginning of the football season, and lists were posted in the Cloisters showing where every boy was to play. The old Big Side ground was divided into two, and teams were chosen for First Big Side, Second Big Side, Middle Side (which Dr. Percival used to say ought to be called Black's Piece), and First, Second, and Third Little Sides. These absurd names were, like so many other items of school official slang, borrowed direct from Rugby. They always struck me as being laboriously affected. Perhaps the worst was 'Big Side Levée,' the name given to the school parliament, which was attended by representatives from each House and from the various games.

H. is on Middle Side. I am on First Little. This entry reveals H.'s cautious modesty, as he might have included himself in the game which he had been formally 'appointed to arrange for Second Big Side,' and in which, as a matter of fact, he did eventually play.

OCTOBER

God send you fortune! yet be sure
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
Than that which glows on yonder brass:
'Qui procul hinc,' the legend's writ—
The frontier-grave is far away—
'Qui ante diem periit:
Sed miles, sed pro patriâ.'

CLIFTON CHAPEL.

ON the first of October I took 'the Queen's shilling,' enlisted in the Engineers, and attended my first drill. I was not a willing recruit, but I had an elder brother who exercised moral suasion, and the Powers at Home that shape our ends directed my steps towards the Armoury, the Drill-ground, and the Range. I must confess to having had a feeling about the Cadet Corps which no one need ever have now or in the future, for I thought it a hollow sham. It did not seem to me to be within the bounds of possibility that the Volunteers

would ever be of the slightest use to the country, and I thought it a poor game to wear a uniform and imitate professional soldiers, who might be called upon at any moment to face the hardships and dangers of a real campaign. I felt this in the quadrangle, in sham fights on the Downs, and especially when I commanded a Guard of Honour which escorted a Royal Duke. I felt it even at Windsor, where amidst 50,000 other Volunteers we saluted the Queen herself. It was a glorified picnic, which lasted for twenty-six hours.

All that is changed. The Volunteers, not only from the Mother Country, but also from the most distant parts of the world, have shown themselves ready and worthy to share the burdens of active service with the regular army. If we had known that we could possibly be of some military value the work would have been of much more real interest. But it is worth mentioning that for a Cadet Corps the practical study of engineering is more varied, pleasant, and instructive than simple infantry drill. We made fascines and gabions and pontoons and sand-batteries, and enjoyed ourselves in one of the bat fives courts under the enthusiastic direction of Colonel Plant,

who was in this a tower of strength to the school from first to last. We were also fortunate in our Instructors, and Sergeant-Major O'Reilly and Sergeant Elton earned all the credit they received, and more.

Recruit Drills took place three times a week, and the faithful entry of attendances shows that the new amusement was being pursued with energy. It was about this time, I fancy, that I heard a suggestion from a lady that boys ought not to be allowed to drill with real rifles, which prompted me to write a sham letter to the *Cliftonian* on the subject. The Editors were hoaxed, and the letter duly appeared, asking that hockey-sticks should be used instead of rifles, as there was no danger of their 'going off,' with vitriolic comments from an Editor, who himself failed to distinguish between 'guns' and 'rifles.'

The following is the letter as it appeared in the school magazine with the vials of editorial wrath poured upon it:

'DEAR SIRS,

'I should like to ask a question through the medium of your magazine about the dangerous practice of using *real guns* in aiming drill. What

the use of it can be I really cannot see. Why should not the boys use the harmless sticks they play hockey on the Downs with, especially as I am informed those who learn this dangerous drill are only the beginners who know nothing about it.

'Yours truly,

'A PRUDENT PARENT.'

['We do not wish to ridicule "A Prudent Parent," but really this letter is in the highest degree absurd. In the first place, as the object of aiming-drill is to teach fellows how to hold their guns, and as a hockey-stick is not held in the same way as a gun, and has no "sights," our correspondent's suggestion falls to the ground. In the next place, we are able to allay "A Prudent Parent's" fears by assuring her — the reader will doubtless have discovered from the extraordinary character of this letter that our correspondent is a lady—that the guns used for aiming-drill are never loaded, so that her objection on that score is fully answered. But apart from the present instance, we think the whole class of "Prudent Parents" might have more confidence in the authorities who manage the runs, rifle corps, etc. Nothing can be more pernicious to

such institutions than that outsiders, imperfectly informed, or even utterly ignorant of the true state of the case, should be continually carping at these things which constitute the life of the place, and raising objections which they cannot substantiate by facts.—Eds. *Cliftonian.*']

Reynolds had succeeded Marshall as School Captain of the Cadet Corps.

Thursday, 2nd.—Dog Show. Picquet. Verses. A somewhat meagre entry. The St. Bernards at the Bristol Dog Show were very fine. The less said about the verses the better. Picquet is an excellent game for the sick-room.

Saturday, 4th. — Livy. Gave up French. Sixth v. School Match. Old Cliftonians down, 3 Evans, Gribble, 2 Bushes, Johnston, Miller. Played Tennis in Racquet Court (Bristol)—Mr. Irwin, Mr. Smith, and Dr. McGregor. Mr. Irwin and I beat the others 2 sets to 1.

For some reason or other I suppose that there were no Little Sides that day; but it strikes me as odd that I should have played lawn-tennis in Bristol on a school half-holiday with three Masters. They will probably all deny it.

I have already mentioned all those who are

here named as playing on Big Side except Miller. This was J. D. Miller, a Bristol solicitor, well known as a football player to many generations of Cliftonians after his nine years of school life had come to an end in 1874. He was captain of Gloucestershire, and also of the Clifton Football Club, and as a full back was without a rival. His accuracy in place-kicking also was very remarkable. I remember one instance well. According to the old Rugby rules—I should not venture to say anything about the present ones, which may very likely be unaltered in this respect—a catch entitled the player who caught the ball to make his mark before taking another step, and, having made his mark, he was entitled, either to a free drop-kick—the usual course, unless the catch was near the enemy's goal—or, alternatively, to place the ball upon the spot which he had marked for another player to take a place-kick. Once, before Big Side was divided, someone who was playing on the same side as Miller secured a catch, but so far from the goal that in the ordinary way he would have been contented with a drop to gain possibly a few yards. It was, however, suggested that Miller should try a place-kick, and a record goal resulted. I shall never forget the scene. The

distance was so great that the attempt seemed positively ludicrous, and the goal was received with surprise bordering on stupefaction. Miller may have done the trick before or since, but I did not happen to be looking on, and I should be slow to believe anyone else's account of such a feat. The actual measurement would never be believed.

The *Sixth v. School* Match of 1879 was the first played on the new Big Side, and, besides the Old Cliftonians mentioned, J. E. King, an undergraduate of Lincoln College, Oxford, was playing for the Sixth. It was an old Rugby custom, I suppose, to allow any number of old boys to play in this match and in *Cock House v. School*, regardless of limit and even of equality. In the old 20 game the crowd was sometimes tremendous, and in the 15 game the arrival of strangers made even more difference.

J. E. King was already in my eyes a whiskered man when, as head of the South Town in 1876, he ordered me to carry his clothes to the Baths after Big Side, which I was very proud to do. He became in due time a Fellow of his College, an Assistant-Master at St. Paul's, an Oxford Tutor, and Headmaster of Manchester Grammar School,

before taking up his present position as Headmaster of Bedford Grammar School.

Tuesday, 7th.—Half-holiday. Laboratory. Sixth v. School. Sixth got 2 goals, φεῦ, φεῦ. Trevor hurt, φεῦ, φεῦ. My first game at football. I played three-quarter back. Soirée. Dr. Percival down.

The note about the football match is in the writing of the elder brother, who was on the victorious side, and wanted to rub it in.

Where or what the soirée was I have no idea. It may even have been a boiled leg of mutton, with the usual trimmings. The only fact worth recording about it evidently was that it was enlivened by the presence of the President of Trinity College, Oxford.

We return to the personal.

Wednesday, 8th.—2nd House Little Side. I was Captain of Whites, and had 4 tries: 2 goals, 1 poster, 1 miss. Laboratory, Mathematics, Fives. Fyffe and I beat Winkworth and Collie 2 games to 1. Physics, Mr. Jupp. 4th Recruit Drill.

In commenting on this entry, I feel that some readers may be inclined to say that there is nothing new or interesting in it, and that 2nd

House Little Sides are going on to-day just as they did in 1879. Very possibly they are, but if it were not for these touches of local colour and echoes of the Lower Fifth, you would forget that you were reading a book written by a boy of 'under sixteen.' To make the thing complete we must follow the daily fortunes of the writer, and, so far as is now possible, breathe the atmosphere of an earlier day. What is changed and what remains the same it is not for him to say. When we see Constable's picture of the Thames, and are struck by the difference which the formation of the Embankment has made, we notice some features of the landscape which are still the same. They only serve, however, to set off the alterations, and to form the necessary link between the new and old. No one can be expected, and no one is expected, to take an interest in the individual prowess of a captain of Whites, who was not even in the first House game, and, by being captain from mere seniority, was able to kick all the goals; but when you are listening to a story, it is not polite to remark audibly on the garrulity of the narrator. As Hugh Conway used to say, if you don't care to read further, you can pitch the book out of the window. The pseudonym of the author

of 'Called Back,' a Bristol auctioneer, whose real name was Fred Fargus, reminds me that one Old Cliftonian is already given a niche in fiction. I hope it is no breach of confidence to say that J. H. Brain was stated by the author to figure in 'A Family Affair' as a captain of 'Old Cragtonians,' who ought to have married the heroine, but did not. The character is, however, a mere shadow, with no particular individuality. . . .

On Wednesday mornings, then, House Little Sides were played. Two Houses combined, the ordinary teams playing together in a first Pick-up, and all the other boys joining in a second game. Just as the captain of a cricket side put himself on to bowl not only 'when wanted,' but also when he liked, so the captain of a Little Side had the privilege of placing, or trying to place, as many goals as he thought fit. It seems that in the technology of the day there was a miss, which was not all a miss, but so near a goal that it was adjudged to be a 'poster.' The word seems to have been put in as a kind of justification to the captain. The usual order for a Pick-up was 'A—K (stripes) *v.* The Rest (whites),' a division which may still be familiar. In other respects the game has much changed—we played in long

white flannel trousers tucked into our socks—though not perhaps more than it had changed between 1876 and 1879, when the old 20 game had been abolished, together with tripping and 'hacking over,' which was a relic of barbarism. In still earlier times the sides were unlimited, as in 'Tom Brown.'

In 1879 most of us remembered seeing a fine run by a three-quarter back abruptly terminated by a violent kick on the ankle from the full back of the defending side. There was also a special name, which I had almost forgotten, for the struggle between a man who had run with the ball over the goal-line, and had then been collared—generally, of course, by the opposing full back—before touching the ball down—a 'maul in goal.' No one else was allowed to interfere, and the two teams surrounded the men on the ground while they fought and struggled, the one to make the ball touch the ground, and the other to push it back over the line. There was, I think, a time limit.

Physics, Mr. Jupp. H. B. Jupp had been a Master only since the beginning of term, being appointed by Mr. Wilson. He was an Oxford athlete from Magdalen, and was a good teacher, from whom I learnt much afterwards in the

Physical Laboratory. He was a bachelor, who lived in the 'Monastery' in College Road, joined the Cadet Corps as a Sapper, rose to the rank of Lieutenant and had an amusing passage of arms with his Captain in 1881, when a conflict of authority arose between his military and civil positions. It must always be anomalous for a Master to be under the command of a boy, especially when both are out of uniform at the Rifle Range. Jupp subsequently attained to great distinction by catching a 46-pound salmon in Norway. He died shortly afterwards of typhoid at Clifton.

It was to please him that I rose with the milkman every school day for two years, and trudged down to school to take the readings of barometers and thermometers and rain-gauge, from which meteorological charts were prepared. The instruments were kept in boxes in the Botanical Gardens, long since built over.

Thursday, 9th.—Put on in Livy. Proses 36, 27. Old Cliftonian Match: the School won. I played ¾-back again, and had one try—a failure. I took out the ball twice for Boyd—1 goal—and once for Cawker, but dropped it, and had a drop at goal, which failed. Nash came and did con. with H.

The victory of the school in the match seems to have been mainly due to the efforts of Reynolds, Ogilvy, Heath, Rose, Richardson (W. P.), and W. R. Sharp, and its value may be recognised by reading the names of our opponents, which are all given in the December number of the *Cliftonian*. A. H. Evans was captain, and the list of his Fifteen fairly bristles with 'Blues' and county players. It does one good to think of Gribble, 'Curly' Evans—his brother, H. L. Evans, Cox, Knight—a Double Oxford Blue—Kindersley—a Double Oxford Blue, and one of the finest oars ever seen on the Isis—Greene, Bush, Fairbanks, and Cannan all playing on the losing side. Knight's dribbling was a wonder. It was an art little practised at school. He was captain of the Oxford Rugby team—which scored three goals in every match—and a scholar of Corpus in 1881, when Evans, a scholar of Oriel, was captain of the Eleven, and Kindersley, an Exhibitioner of Exeter, was captain of the Boat Club. They were all in Harris's, and afterwards Oakeley's House together.

Amongst the school forwards who 'penned their opponents' was R. T. Talbot, whose sister afterwards became the Headmaster's wife. He had a passion for the stage, and once made what we

considered a very dramatic speech in a School Debate, concluding with a melodramatic reference *to Dr. Percival's bust, which coldly looked down, as no doubt it still does, upon the mimic forum.* The young actor became disgusted, however, with the lost illusions of youth, and turned his thoughts to the study of Theology, in which he secured a First Class at Oxford. Ordination followed, and the laborious life of a vicar in a large town. He was an Hon. Canon of Durham, and is Vicar of a large parish in Derby.

Again we return from public to private life, to the greasy old ball fumbled, and allowed to fall just as the eager Cawker was about to emulate the success of Boyd on First Little Side.

A. B. Boyd, now a doctor, was at Christ Church afterwards, where he won a Natural Science Scholarship. My first acquaintance with him was in the Lower Third, where he introduced himself to me on his arrival from the Junior School by drawing a caricature of Mr. Wollaston, whom I did not then know. I kept the paper for many years, but can now only remember that the picture represented Boyd's new House Master as a colossal, entomological specimen. I was thirteen, and I giggled.

Friday, 10th, only records the difficulty of doing verses, both Latin and Greek, fifth drill, half a dozen lessons, and 'punt about.'

Saturday, 11th, after the usual notes of lessons and football, **Debate on Cremation. H. spoke.** There was an attendance of fifty, and I am glad to say that the 'Government,' of which H. was Vice-President, carried a resolution in favour of cremation by an overwhelming majority. Nine spoke. F. S. Boas—afterwards an Oxford University Extension Lecturer, with three Firsts to his credit—led G. B. Allen and Hugh Cookson on the losing side. Every boy 'above the Fifth,' which means really 'above the Upper Fourth,' was entitled to attend meetings of the School Debating Society, and everyone who had the courage to speak was elected a member. G. B. Allen, possibly the 'same which' I got the work from when I stopped out two terms ago, was now in Asquith's Lower Fifth, of which he was head at the end of term. He had been playing as substitute on the Old Cliftonian side in Thursday's match.

Monday, 13th.—I was top. Prose 45, good. Livy unseen. Essay. Caps: Rose, Sharp, Talbot. Laboratory. Fives: Wiggin and Clarke beat Mr. Irwin and Marshall tertius. Mathe-

matics. Con. with E. M. Hobart Hampden. Put on ('Medea'); very bad. 6th Drill with rifles.

Tuesday, 14th.—'Medea.' Prose. House Little Side. Laboratory. Fives: Martensz and Robison beat Pilling and me 2 to 1. History. . . . Essay. Con. with Toby [*i.e.*, E. M. Hobart Hampden]. Hobart ma has got a scholarship at Lincoln College, Oxford.

Robison was a New Zealander in Brown's. J. T. Pilling was in the same House, and also in Mr. Brown's Form.

Wednesday, 15th.—Repetition. Con. Chemical examination. Verses. House Little Side. I ran in once, and had a try, which failed. Pilling 2 tries, Manifold 1 goal, 2 punts out failures. Extras [Mathematical]. Punt-about. Maths. Trig. [Trigonometry in school with Mr. Watson]. Punt-about. Verses. Physics. 7th Drill with Rifles. Con. H. H. quartus = Ernest Miles Hobart-Hampden quartus. H. went to the 'Elijah' [Bristol Festival].

C. C. Manifold, an Edinburgh doctor, is a Surgeon-Colonel in the Indian Medical Service, now on his way to Northern China.

On Thursday I went myself to the Bristol Festival, described as a Miscell. Concert.

Bat fives tie. May beat me. F. B. May, afterwards on the Stock Exchange, and a keen cricketer. His father was chief cashier of the Bank of England.

On Friday I read 'The Artist and the Man,' a serial in one of the magazines, and Cliff's name is added to the list of Caps. He was a heavy forward and in the Gymnasium Eight, now a Captain in the Royal Irish Rifles.

Saturday, 18th.—Amongst agonised references to 'verses,' our first House Match is recorded: **Brown's got 2 goals against us in 20 minutes.** The *Cliftonian* says that 'the inequality of the sides made good individual play impossible'! We had a very weak team, and Brown's were only just beaten in the final tie for Cock House by the School House on the third day of the match. We were eventually Bottom House.

A House Match was played until one side scored two goals, or until the match had lasted for three days. In the Cock House Match referred to, the winners only obtained one try in the three days.

Sunday, 19th.—*οὐδέν.*

Monday, 20th.—I was = 1 this week. Wet. Laboratory. Fives: Mapleton, Nelson, and Spencer-Bell. Mathematics. Con. with Toby.

9th Drill. Nelson must, I think, have been F. W., a younger brother of the one in the Eleven (C. M.), who had left in 1878.

Tuesday was marked with a black stone: **50 lines for not bringing History.**

Wednesday. — Watched House Match [Dakyns's *v.* Wiseman's, I think]. **Coats stolen. 10th Drill. H. went to a party at Wollaston's.** This contains a reference to a daring and completely successful robbery. Some miscreant softly opened the hall-door that night and swept off the hat-stand all the overcoats and mackintoshes of the family. No trace of the theft was ever discovered.

The 'party at Wollaston's' seems to have been too much for H., who must have been justly horrified to find on his next inspection of the diary—

Thursday, 23rd.—H. stopped out (ate too little). Oh, these younger brothers! His magnanimity, however, was equal to the test, for on the following day I find: **4-5, began to play fives, but had to stop because I felt ill. Stopped out. H. read to me. French Police investigation.** [Could this have been my introduction to Gaboriau?] **About 9, draw a veil.**

The attack seems to have lasted for three days.

On Monday, 27th, it became necessary to be **measured for new greatcoats,** and the House Match between Dakyns's and Wiseman's was finished, the former winning.

Mathematics. Smith took us. If this was E. H. C. Smith, the classical scholar, it must have been a refreshing change, both for him and for us.

Drills, House Little Sides, and the names of new 'Caps' are mingled with lessons during the remaining days of October, and with various small details. Throughout the diary there are, as might be expected, some references to events which are too condensed to be intelligible now. What, for instance, could have been meant by the word **Mouse! ! ! !** between **Physics** (in school) and **Verses** (at home) on October 29? Something so exciting that it seemed as if it would never be forgotten, and straightway became as though it had never been.

On the 30th **Scientific Society Meeting** refers to an evening meeting in Mr. Grenfell's room of sixty-five of us, under the Presidency of Mr. Wilson, who read a paper on the Severn Tunnel, communicated by S. D. Pears (O. C.). Mr. Wollaston gave a lecture on the Thames Tunnel. 'Specimens' were shown—a 'king crab,' a geo-

logical section, a bees' nest, and some photographs. A mild atmosphere of natural history and relaxation from things that pay prevailed. I breathed it again later in meetings of the British Association and at Bristol *soirées*.

Pears, a member of Evans's Eleven, became a very distinguished engineer in India, and as his paper was read, I remembered with satisfaction that I had once been his fag. He irrigated 100 square miles of arid plains by making a vast dam, and boring a tunnel 6,000 feet long, by which he diverted a river from one side of the watershed to the other. The district has been described as being 'full of tigers and wild elephants,' and Pears was in sole charge for three years. Some day he will return and stand on the parapet looking at the 'latest seed of time' unrecognised.

There is now a book placed in the Cloisters in which, at Commemoration, old boys write their names, but an up-to-date edition of the Register ought to be put there as well, so that when men like Pears, or Thomson, or Younghusband do take the trouble to come down they may be reminded that

> 'Across the world you keep the pride,
> Across the world we mark the score,'

as indeed we do.

NOVEMBER

We'll honour yet the School we knew,
The best School of all:
We'll honour yet the rule we knew
Till the last bell call.
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best School of all.

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL.

Saturday, 1st.—House Matches. School House two goals, from runs in by Reynolds in 20 minutes against Dakyns's. Wiseman's beat Watson's, one goal dropped by Austin and one placed by him from a touch-down by Wade. Watson's, two tries. South Town beat North Town. H. ran clean in three-quarters of the whole ground, Middle Side, in the first five minutes, and Pringle placed a goal. Carnegy and Hobart tertius, C. H. dropped goals [thus winning the match]. Measured for my uni-

form. New coat came [to replace the stolen one].

The *Cliftonian* corroborates these graphic details, but in a more cultured manner. Our defeat by the South Town was naturally a great disappointment after our captain had so easily 'escaped their backs.' We hoped every moment that he would repeat the performance and give us a victory as rapid as that of the School House, but it was not to be. We were destined to sow in tears that others might afterwards reap in joy.

Carnegy, the son of a General, and the eldest of four Cliftonian brothers, two of whom are in the army, is a Captain in the Indian Staff Corps, 21st Bombay Infantry. Our best forward was M. R. Currie, afterwards in Wiseman's. He went to Sandhurst, and served in the Winnipeg Light Infantry during the North-West Rebellion in 1885.

The other games were continued on the 3rd, and **Brown's got 1 goal and 2 touch-downs against Oakeley's 1 try and 1 touch-down.** On the third day Brown's won easily. It is worth noticing in connection with what I have already said about substitutes that A. D. Greene (O. C.),

who lived near the school, played for Brown's on the first day only as substitute for their captain, H. N. C. Heath, while R. Threlfall (Watson's) assisted Oakeley's. In the Cock House Match (*School House v. Brown's*) the latter played for the School House as a substitute, and in the Third Drawing W. Fairbanks, an Old Cliftonian Master, and Ogilvy (Brown's) played in the match between Oakeley's and Dakyns's. Cliff (Oakeley's) was represented by Ogilvy on the first day and by Allen (Wiseman's) on the third. I must confess that these arrangements puzzle me more in the retrospect than they did at the time, when respect for authority and custom made everything that went on to appear quite natural and, indeed, inevitable. A rule forbidding substitutes was shortly afterwards made.

During the remainder of the week the entries are the same as usual—lessons, drills, football, and chemical experiments. I read 'The Begum's Fortune' and 'Ravenshoe,' and went to a 'Loan Exhibition,' probably of pictures, at the Bristol Gallery. There was a lottery in connection with this exhibition, and all the family took shilling tickets with a very remote chance of a prize. We easily persuaded an indulgent parent, therefore, to

promise to buy for cash whatever might be won, and against all expectation I pocketed six pounds. The prize was an oil-painting of still life. The money was invested in a bicycle—but I must put on the brake. It is a dark and gloomy story, and has nothing to do with Clifton.

Full details of the match between *Classical* and *Modern* are given, which show that, as in *Sixth v. School*, several distinguished Old Cliftonians took part.

Monday, 10th.—After lessons and fives, **a scorbutic epidemic is attacking the school, which necessitates having our jerseys washed!** Perhaps the remedy would have prevented the disease.

On Thursday, 15th, the Scientific Society met again, and Mr. Wilson gave an exciting lecture on 'Meteors,' prophesying **an enormous shower** on November 15, 1899. This seemed to be looking ahead with a vengeance! We had to wait for twenty years! However, we waited, some of us, and when the meteors came there was a pall of cloud which provokingly hid them. And some of us were in China and some in Peru.

Saturday, 15th.—Frost. Fog. 2-3, Impot emitta. [I wonder what this means.] **3-4, Fives: Mapleton and I beat Leahy and Giles 2 games**

to none. Leahy and I beat Giles and Mapleton 2 games. . . .

C. A. Leahy passed third into Woolwich, became a Captain in the Royal Engineers, served in Egypt, and died in November, 1896. R. S. Giles, afterwards school captain of the Cadet Corps, and Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, is practising at the Bar in Rangoon.

Sunday, 16th.—J. M. W. [the Headmaster] **preached on my text** [I have no recollection of this] **the Sunday before my birthday.**

Tuesday, 18th.— . . . Oxford Match: Two tries and 2 goals to one try. Richardson [W. P.], **Heath** [H. N. C.], **and Reynolds played best for us. . . .**

The visitors won. I remember the dribbling of R. L. Knight—he dropped and placed the two goals—and the gigantic form of C. J. Jessel in the scrimmage. H. Vassall was also among the forwards in a very powerful team captained by A. H. Heath.

I cannot help thinking that when a boy plays for the school he is entitled to full credit for being, if only for a day, in the School Fifteen. I therefore deprecate such a note as this which appears in the *Cliftonian*: 'Spencer-Bell, MacTier,

Hatherell, Hickman, Haines, and Boas were playing as substitutes for Horne, Rose, Talbot, Threlfall, Trevor, and Cliff respectively.' The absurdity of it is all the more apparent when we remember that there was no recognised team, 'the School Fifteen' corresponding to the School Eleven in cricket. There were no Fifteen colours. Perhaps the reporter or the editors wished to discount the school defeat.

A. H. Heath, a terrific fast bowler, a Double Blue at Oxford for cricket and football, and a well-known county cricketer, afterwards captain of Staffordshire for many years, entered Parliament at the third attempt, and sat for Hanley.

At school he carried all before him in athletics, winning the Challenge Cup, as well as his Cap and Eleven colours. He made 164 against Cheltenham in 1875.

W. P. Richardson, who played well for the school, is a schoolmaster, like his brother, H. B. He had his Blue for football at Cambridge, and kept wicket for the school in Vizard's Eleven. He was the third Polar Bear.

On the 19th Brain's prowess in the House Little Side is recorded: he kicked two goals and a try. **I had 1 try. Went to Dryland's and**

chose my bat. This was a parent's fond gift for the succeeding Friday, my sixteenth birthday. Other offerings were a pair of woolwork slippers ornamented with foxes' heads, an album for crests, some photographs, a bracket, a frame, a purse, and a golden sovereign. The day was slightly marred by a Laboratory examination described as 'wretched.'

Ogilvy and Carey got their Caps, and House Matches continued to provide our chief amusement. **Watson's got two goals kicked by Atkinson from runs in by Threlfall ma. Wiseman's got 4 points to South Town 1. Oakeley's, 1 goal and 1 try. Young and Willmott ran in.**

Watson's were playing against us, though the diarist is too lazy to say so, and defeated us in one day, thus placing us at the bottom of the list. Nothing is said about a brilliant run by H. The writer was too disgusted and disgraced by being a member of Bottom House to do more than note the score, with a generous tribute to the champions of the winning side. According to my recollection, we had no player half the size of Threlfall, who shook us off as a lion would shake off terriers. He was for some years a Professor at Sydney, and is now in business near Birmingham. He had

blown off several of his fingers experimenting with explosives, but the shock, which might well have killed a weaker boy, seemed to have no effect on him. He was well suited to play Herakles, as he did at Cambridge when an undergraduate.

Atkinson has also crossed the seas, but it was homewards, not to exile, for he came from New Zealand. He became Head of the School in 1881, and a Scholar of Corpus, Oxford, returning to New Zealand to practise at the Bar. He has been, and will be again, a Member of the Legislature. He amused his Oxford friends by editing the *Rattle*, a lampoon published daily during the 'Eights,' and by writing a Platonic dialogue, 'Agymnasticus, or the art of bowling,' by common consent the best thing in 'Echoes from the Oxford Magazine.'

Wiseman's have not yet finished that match with the South Town. Oakeley's were playing against Dakyns's, and eventually won after three days' play, Key placing two goals.

W. A. Willmott is in the Northumberland Fusiliers, and Young in the Artillery.

Saturday, 22nd.—Match against Clifton Club. They got 15 points to 0; 3 trys. Threlfall, Heath, Heaton, and Sharp did their best, but the

metal of the Club team was too heavy. Miller, Gribble, and Bush were again playing on the ground they knew so well. This, by the way, was J. E. Bush, South Town, of the Durham Light Infantry, not the Gloucestershire wicket-keeper.

In the evening we made **phosphorus fireworks, 2 solutions**—a delightful experiment. Bits of phosphorus are ignited under water by putting them amongst crystals of chlorate of potassium, and pouring strong sulphuric acid upon them. The game is played in a dark room, and the gleaming lights at the bottom of the water combine with the smell of the chemicals to give to it a flavour of necromancy. If you want to do the thing properly, you should wear a large ulster with a cape and a 'picture hat.' The shadows on the wall are then magnificent, but drops of acid on the ulster cause trouble—*Experto crede.*

Monday, 24th.—In the two weeks added together I was top by 80 (odd) marks, and I beat Gossage [the eminent doctor of Upper Berkeley Street] **by 175. Cock House Match: Brown's, 0, v. School House, 4 points. . . .**

A. M. Gossage was top at the end of the term, however. He got a Demyship at Magdalen,

Oxford, and a First in Natural Science. He also figures as a minor character, much distorted, in a railway detective novel, now out of print.

In real life he is House Physician at Westminster Hospital and the Brompton Consumption Hospital.

On Tuesday an obscure reference to an imposition fixes the date of the introduction of Imposition Paper.

Cock House Match was continued, each side scoring one point.

Thursday, 27th.—The School House finally defeated Brown's by 10 points to 1, thus becoming Cock House; and W. Threlfall got his Cap. At the meeting of the Scientific Society in the evening M. Henri Cathelan exhibited some most attractive little microscopes and lenses, and some solutions of the newly-instituted prize problems were explained by Bolton and Perrin. One, I remember, was a very ingenious machine for detecting the approach of icebergs in the Atlantic.

Saturday, 29th.—Wills, Swinburne, and I lunched with Mr. Hutchinson, a Master who afterwards took Orders. His name seems to have been omitted from the official list of Masters.

He left shortly afterwards, and developed a taste for antediluvian monsters, on which he is a recognised authority. His parlourmaid amused us by saying 'Thank you' when she handed the vegetables. 'Little things please little minds.'

Afterwards I **played on Middle Side**, which was great promotion, but **they got 6 goals and 2 tries.** Rather a one-sided game. **H. went to Drill Hall.** This was for the Regimental Annual Prize-giving, which he, as a sergeant and prize-winner, was bound to attend. Seven of the boys had won prizes.

On Sunday, 30th, Mr. Irwin entertained some of the stars of his Form at a high tea. Carstairs, Fyffe, Jolly, Swinburne, Hobart quartus, Hardy, Collie, Winkworth, and the reporter were invited. It was a very friendly, informal meeting, and we all enjoyed ourselves. Winkworth went to Balliol, and Hardy to Keble. The latter became a Master at the Edinburgh Academy.

DECEMBER

The land we sowed,
The hearth that glowed,
O mother, must we bid farewell to thee?
OUTWARD BOUND.

A SEVERE frost had set in, and football was suspended from the 2nd until the last day of term.

What other Form Masters were doing other diarists must describe. Mr. Irwin, at any rate, took a great interest in his Form both in school and out. I have already noticed that he skated, and played fives with us, and lawn-tennis, and asked us to supper; and I find, on December 2, the record of another game of fives, in which he and I were defeated by Wiggin and Francis. And the sermon which appears in his final report of the diarist shows how carefully he discharged his more important duties.

On the 3rd we were impatient to skate, and

went, I suppose, to the Zoological Gardens, where it seems the ice was unfit to bear a crowd. **12-1 I skated for 5 minutes, for which I paid 6d. Punt-about.**

Punt-about was a poor consolation; indeed, it is not a good form of exercise on frozen ground with a greasy ball. One day a boy slipped in taking a kick, and got up with a broken arm.

Thursday, 4th.—We skated on the Zoo pond from 2 to 4.30. Leave from Call-over from J. G. G. I do not understand this. Perhaps it means that Mr. Grenfell was taking Call-over, and had power to release anyone from attendance who was going skating. It seems mysterious, as one would not expect to get leave from anyone but the House Master or Form Master.

Mr. Grenfell afterwards succeeded to Oakeley's House, left the school in 1889, and died abroad. He was a naturalist, and after visiting the Society Islands gave us a graphic description of his escape from cannibals near Tahiti. He was the uncle of A. G. Grenfell (now Master of the well-known Preparatory School at Park Gate), who came direct into the Sixth in 1881, and the father of Dr. B. P. Grenfell, the famous discoverer of Egyptian papyri, who in 1879 was a little boy in

the Preparatory School. Both the Grenfells were scholars of Queen's College, Oxford.

The frost held till Saturday, when there was a provoking thaw. Lessons were going on under high pressure for the approaching examinations, and the word 'swot,' indicating the nature of the strain, occurs for the first time scrawled across a whole page.

On Saturday, 6th, the last Debate took place. I had the pleasure of hearing H., Vice-President, advocating a resolution to the effect 'That the system of competitive examinations at the present time is prejudicial to the interests of true education.' Ted Hobart led the 'Opposition,' and defeated the 'Government' by 25 votes to 19. The debate was extremely dull, not even enlivened by the 'Private Business,' which is the chief attraction of older societies. Nash was, as usual, Speaker, fresh from an expedition to Oxford, where he just failed to get a Balliol Scholarship at his first attempt. He was *proxime accessit.* His Exhibition was won the following year.

On Tuesday, the 9th, a half-holiday was given for skating, with sad results to the diary. The remainder of the week reads as follows: **Bad cold and cough, sore throat, etc.** *οἴμοι τῆς τύχης.*

Æger. Lost all sense of taste or smell. Still æger. Ditto.

I returned, **shaky on my pins,** to find examinations beginning, and Mr. Irwin sedulously coaching the Form in *Livy and 'Medea' and Horace.* **S. T. I. conned 'tips' to us,** which gave me time to read 'Rienzi,' and even to join in a family game of **'Van John.'** The last week of term was taken up, as usual, with examinations, the various results of which are laboriously recorded, but are of no interest. **Toothache** and **Swollen face** gave Gossage his chance, with the result that when the list was read out at 8 a.m. on the 23rd he was top. **I got a class for Divinity, and also for History and Spenser and for Classics,** but this was not sufficient to win a prize. No one else in our Form obtained the necessary number, so no prize was given at all—a result upon which I have already commented. Gossage obtained 70 marks by 'classes,' 75 (I think) being the number required for a prize. In the summer term he would have been given a prize as a matter of course for being first. We were examined by Mr. Wiseman and Mr. C. Vaughan.

The term closed with the regular Old Cliftonian Match, Chapel, and the School Concert.

The match was spoilt by the crowd of players, and the result proves little, though we were beaten by two goals and two tries to nothing. Miller kicked the goals, and Gribble and Kindersley were conspicuous in the *mêlée*. The ground was hard, and the school thoroughly out of training.

The hearty service in Chapel, with that beautiful hymn, 'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,' was as impressive as usual, but by its very nature indistinguishable from other similar services at the end of term. We had done our work, failed or succeeded, more or less, as usual—we should not know how until to-morrow — and the joy of the approaching holidays, with Christmas at home, was mingled with the pain of separation, and the thought of the empty, silent Close.

Of the Concert I might say the same, except that I remember it. We crowded into the gallery, and lay at full length on the dusty balustrade in front, cheering lustily on the arrival of popular Masters and old boys. You may be sure that a song by A. H. Evans was received with a hurricane of applause, and would have been 'eagerly encored' if he had been tone deaf and as unmusical as some of his hearers. Of one who shouted himself hoarse it was said that he knew

two tunes: one was 'God save the Queen,' and the other was not. Evans sang 'The Two Grenadiers,' and must have been satisfied with his reception. Some of us now remember that there was a thin, pale boy in Evans's old House, in a newly-invented Form, Remove, who listened to that song from the raised benches behind the singer reserved for the choral society, and dreamed, and had his ambitions, no doubt, like the rest of us. But in his wildest imaginings he could not have foreseen for himself a more gratifying success than that which he achieved when, years afterwards, he faced his old school from the same platform, a master singer of established reputation, a perfect genius of song. He charmed the most cultured, electrified the dullest, and carried us in a moment to a world beyond the world. . . .

'Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

'For the voice ye hear is the voice of home,
Long ago, long ago;
And the voice of youth with the world to roam,
Clifton for aye!
The voice of passion and human tears,
And the voice of the vision that lights the years,
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.'

So wrote another boy who listened both to

Evans, and to Plunket Greene's 'Twa Sisters o' Binnorie.'

Nash played a beautiful solo on the organ, and the Masters' Quartette was as popular as ever. It consisted in 1879 of Messrs. Brown, Wiseman, Fairbanks, and Trimnell.

The strains of 'Auld Lang Syne' died away, and the school dispersed to the House Suppers. The Towns had none then, and **I went to Mr. Irwin's with Collie**, who was in the same plight, being in the South Town, and so we took our farewell of the Lower Fifth.

Collie was a younger brother of Professor Norman Collie, who had left the school two years before. The latter is the famous Alpine climber who explored the Himalayas.

Of the holidays little need be said, for the school year which I have endeavoured to paint was over, and the remaining entries belong rather to the domain of home life.

CONCLUSION

I HAVE tried to put together a rough sketch of what Clifton was in 1879, but I am fully conscious of its imperfections. Such a method as I have been obliged to adopt can give nothing of the inner life of the place, and being based on the slender materials of an infant diary, it leaves much to the imagination. It was not a very successful year for the school, and though eventful as Dr. Percival's last and Mr. Wilson's first, it seems in other respects rather humdrum and ordinary. This is partly due, no doubt, to the accident of its being a year described by an ordinary member of the school, who was neither a new boy with fresh impressions, nor a member of the Sixth just leaving. There are advantages, too, no doubt, in looking at it from this point of view. If more colourless, it is more impartial. The weather was also responsible for something.

There are many glaring omissions. At a later date I could have given more intelligent impressions of Mr. Brown, one of the most interesting of Clifton characters, whose lectures on English literature were an inspiration, and of Norman Moor, one of the most lovable and sympathetic of men. At an earlier time I could have described F. M. Bartholomew, whose death left another sad gap in the ranks, and also the school career of those who flit across these pages as Old Cliftonians.

I could, of course, have dealt in detail with many not mentioned in the diary, both Masters and boys, who achieved great things in quiet corners or in the glare of publicity, but the canvas is small and already crowded. I must leave it as it is.

The year I have written about seems to us very distant. What it must be to the present generation, none of whom were born, I dare not think. I see in the list of Masters names of men who were boys long after us. E. J. Barff was in Brown's Form, the Modern Fifth — head of it, indeed, this last Christmas term ; but F. Borwick was only in the Junior School, Mansfield's Middle Fourth, while J. L. Burbey did not make his appearance in the lowest Form in the Junior

School until the following term. H. C. Playne, younger still, had nearly two years more to spend at a private school, and he was much older than H. B. Mayor and H. Clissold.

On the other hand, there are Old Cliftonians to whom these ancient records must seem part of the new order of things, not to be compared in importance with those that went before in the old days which were really old. But why has no one ever told us stories of the school when it bore upon its books the names of H. S. Hall, Norman Moor, Buxton, Herbert Warren, Pearson, the Tylecotes, Cluer, Horatio Brown, J. A. Neale, Paul, and others unlike them, who for lack of a historian have left no memorial? It is a delicate task, no doubt, and quite beyond the scope of a fag of 1879, to whom it seemed impossible that those grave and reverend seniors should ever have frolicked in the meads of childhood. One or two appear here, vague and shadowy; the others are omitted in no spirit of neglect. We owe them more than we can here repay.

In 1879 the author of 'Harry Revel' and 'Hetty Wesley' had not arrived; the author of 'Admirals All' had scarcely begun writing for the *Cliftonian;* and others who, like J. K. Watson, have since

risen to high military rank, had only been a few weeks in the school. Hooper, R. E. Fry, A. G. Grenfell, W. H. Brain, J. E. McTaggart, Field, Townsend, H. H. Austin, and others too numerous to mention, who have made a name for themselves in more recent, but not very recent years, were as unknown to Clifton College as children are to-day who walk out daily on the Downs with their governesses. It makes us of the early 'eighties' feel very old and rather faded. But when we all meet in the quadrangle, and particularly in the Chapel, changed though it is in outward appearance, even if we do not know each other, we are linked together by the spell of brotherhood that was cast over us from the beginning by the wand of the Great Magician. And just as elder brothers in a family are indulgent to the younger, proud of their success, ready to help them and to do battle for them in any field, identified with their reputation, so we require of you, as elder brothers may, that whatever record leap to light we never shall be shamed at least by you. At the last account we shall demand the uttermost—

'This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all, with a joyful mind,
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind—
Play up! play up! and play the game!'

Farewell.

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